

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

This Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and Newsmen throughout the Kingdom; but to those who may desire its immediate transmission, by post, we recommend the LITERARY GAZETTE, printed on stamped paper, price One Shilling.

No. 485.

SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1826.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of the Court of Henry the Eighth.
By Mrs. A. T. Thomson. 2 vols. 8vo.
London, 1826. Longman and Co.

THERE have been, within a few late years, several species of publications which have tended greatly to invigorate the study of history, and promote the general knowledge in that important branch of reading. It is true that every tolerably educated person makes himself acquainted with the events which have taken place in the annals of nations, by a regular perusal of those voluminous works to which the name of Histories is properly applied; but multitudes have done this in the shape of a task, and multitudes have not done it either systematically or thoroughly. Many of the people of England, we believe it has been very truly observed, have formed their notions on the history of England more from its representation in the plays of Shakespeare, than from any authentic source; and during a later period Sir Walter Scott's novels have, in like manner, confounded realities with fictions in so popular a way, that we dare assert there are tens of thousands of the rising generation who pin their faith as entirely to the fictions as to the realities. Indeed the regular histories themselves are often but theoretical romances,—the philosophical opinions of their writers, rather than a relation of what has actually happened, ascertained from laborious investigation, researches among unquestionable documents, and the proof of facts instead of statements copied from preceding authors without the trouble of inquiring whether they were right or wrong. Religion and politics have had their full share in poisoning these springs of information; and we may add, that, even with the utmost pains, it is always a difficult matter to unfold the sterling truth. We find this in the affairs of our own times,—in matters passing as it were under our own eyes; and how much more must it be felt when we come to examine remote objects and doings over which time has thrown its shadows?

It is, therefore, of great consequence, and we always regard the effort with pleasure, when any competent individual selects a particular and interesting historical epoch, separates it from its past and future, and places it before us, grouped and arranged as a picture, by itself. Thus Miss Benger, Miss Aikin, and others, have given to the public volumes, like the present, extremely agreeable to readers of every class, and well calculated to amuse while they inform. In short, the *Memoirs of the Court of Henry the Eighth* are as entertaining as any historical novel can be: the writer has chosen a period than which our annals present not one better suited for such a purpose, and she has treated it in the ablest manner. Her style is plain and forcible, without meretricious ornament or trickery, but exactly what a production of the kind required,—raising vivid images of the events which it records, and shewing the very forms and pressure of the

age. We have also to remark on the industry which has evidently been bestowed on this excellent book. Mrs. Thomson has consulted a number of the best authorities (some heretofore too much neglected), and has levied most appropriate contributions not only on ancient manuscripts, but on the very expensive authors on national manners, costumes, &c. &c., whose works are only to be seen in rich and valuable libraries. By these means she has thrown new lights upon many points of much curiosity; and, upon the whole, completed a work which reflects high honour upon a female pen, and will, we are certain, be very acceptable to the public.

From its nature, however, it is not one which we need analyse or exemplify by quotation at extraordinary length: and we shall merely cite a few passages from various parts, to shew how variously the accomplished author has travelled into research, and how aptly she has brought her inquiries to elucidate her subject.

"The dress of females of rank was restrained by limitations of a nature somewhat similar to those which restricted the absurdities of male attire, and was less extravagant. The gown, composed of silk or velvet, was shortened or lengthened according to the rank of the wearer. The countess was obliged by the rules of etiquette to have a train both behind and before, which she hung upon her arm or fastened in her girdle; the baroness and all under her degree were prohibited from assuming that badge of distinction. The matron was distinguished from the unmarried woman by the different mode of their head attire: the hood of the former had recently been superseded by a coif or close bonnet, of which the pictures of Holbein give a representation; while the youthful and the single, with characteristic simplicity, wore the hair braided with knots of ribbon. The materials of the dresses at this period were costly; and were sometimes enriched by embroidery, and by the addition of precious stones. Such was the demand for cloths of gold and silver, for velvets and damasks, that three or four thousand pieces of these articles were in one year imported from Italy. This number may appear trifling in the present day, when such materials of dress are not confined to any particular class or rank of persons, but may be worn by all who can afford to purchase them; but in those times of aristocratic pride, persons of inferior rank were obliged to adhere to a simple and serviceable garment, made of woollen or of hempen cloth, somewhat resembling the Saxon tunic; and from this picturesque mantle or gown, the frock of the waggoner, still in use in most of the counties of England, is supposed to have been derived. Henry the Eighth placed so much importance upon dress, that during his reign the wardrobes of the nobility increased to many times their former value, while his own exceeded in costliness that of any preceding monarch. The manifest advantages resulting to trade, as well as a taste for ostentatious display, may have been the motive of the

encouragement which this monarch bestowed upon those who, in this respect, did most honour to his court; and, in an age when the distinctions of mental superiority were less understood or acknowledged than at present, it is not surprising that external advantages should be held in undue estimation. To the frequent and alluring festivities with which the court was enlivened, may be also attributed the increase of luxury, in other respects, among the nobility. The gay, the gallant, and the rich, had now a place of resort where they could dissipate time, and display their attractions, accomplishments, and wealth. The queen, in the early days of her marriage, although displaying the characteristic gravity of her nation, was far from evincing any repugnance to those diversions in which the king delighted. She gave, on the contrary, a sanction to them by her presence, which allowed the ladies of the court to enjoy, and, in some measure, to impart refinement to scenes in which their fair descendants might deem it improper and even revolting to enter. Let it, however, be remembered, before we condemn too hastily the masculine amusements of the women of the sixteenth century, that the qualities of self-possession, courage, and fortitude, always commendable, and entirely compatible with feminine virtues, were indispensable in unsettled times; and were acquired and improved by familiarity with those diversions which presented the conflicts without the dangers of war. In splendour and importance, the tournament and the joust must have precedence, in enumerating the sports of this period. To these exercises Henry gave unremitting attention, and not to display proficiency in them was almost to lose his favour; yet some discretion was also required to rival, but not to excel the king, whose ardent temper could not brook superiority in another; accordingly, how dexterous soever the combatants might be in feats of arms, victory was always reserved for royalty. Yet, as the king sometimes fought disguised, it is but fair to allow that he was no mean adept in those pursuits for which his bodily powers and continual practice had qualified him. Tournaments, a name which formerly applied to every military combat, consisted of three separate amusements: tilting at the quintain, running at the ring, and jousting or fighting in single combat. The tournament, as a general term, was applied to conflicts in which many persons were engaged at once, divided into parties. The joust was sometimes practised independent of the tournament; and both these modes of combat were carried on either on horseback or on foot, according to circumstances. The barriers, another species of contest in which Henry was skilled, was a battle with axes, in which those engaged were prevented from coming into close contact by a barrier, breast high, placed between them. These games had long been the recreation of the noble and valorous, both in England and on the Continent; and although they had been repeatedly prohibited by the church, on account of the dangerous accidents and bitter

contentions which had frequently converted the scene of mirth and enjoyment into a tragedy, long remembered by the sufferers, they continued to be idolised by those who from their wealth could partake of them in a style suitable to their rank, and by all who aspired to the distinction of superior skill and courage. The risk of fatal consequences attending tournaments was, in the time of Henry, partly diminished; formerly, 'meaning nothing in hate, but all in honour,' the combatants, nevertheless, fought with sharp swords and lances, as in battle; and although the number of blows was regulated, and rules laid down to prevent bloodshed, the festivities were often disturbed by the death of one or more of the parties engaged. In process of time, it was found necessary to introduce arms of courtesy, consisting of lances without heads, and with round braces at the extremity called rockets; the swords were blunted, and every precaution was adopted to prevent injurious consequences. In these combats, nevertheless, bruises were often severe and painful; and the heavy armour, which the rules of the game required, proved occasionally detrimental to the warrior. Henry had not always the good fortune to escape the dangers to which all who engaged in these sports were equally exposed; and he was sometimes alarmed for the result of the extreme ardour in combat which impelled his young courtiers to use too much violence in this mimic war: accordingly, we often find him hastily closing the amusements of the day, when he perceived that the spirit of emulation began to border upon rancour and hatred. The weapons which the king usually employed were rather different from those which were used in general, as he carried a battle-axe, as well as a two-handed sword; but doubtless these were blunted, as well as the arms of his opponents. In the splendid tournament which immediately succeeded the coronation of Henry, it was probably considered indecorous that he should take an active part so recently after the death of his father. He was, therefore, at this time, merely a spectator, while the scene of amicable rivalry was performed. Among the most distinguished knights, Charles Brandon was pre-eminent, not only for his personal beauty and the elegance which attended every movement which the various evolutions of the game required, but for his courage, judgment, and skill, qualities which he displayed afterwards on more important occasions. This celebrated man, the son of Sir William Brandon, who, bearing the standard of Henry the Seventh, was slain by Richard the Third at Bosworth-field, had been educated in habits of the strictest intimacy with the young king; and always retained his affection and regard. In the constancy of that regard which Henry professed for Brandon, it is agreeable to those who wish to view human nature under its most favourable aspect to see an exception to the numerous circumstances which have justly affixed the reproach of caprice to the character of that monarch. Brandon was, however, as cautious and politic in the court as he was enterprising and courageous in the field; and while his military exploits secured his reputation for valour, he generally yielded the palm of victory to his sovereign in the mimic wars of the tournament. Three sons of the Howard family were also distinguished upon this occasion. The achievements and merits of Lord Thomas Howard, afterwards Duke of Norfolk, will be unfolded hereafter: at this period of our narrative, he was regarded as one of the most promising warriors, and as one of the most dissolute men at the court of

Henry. Sir Edward and Sir Edmund Howard, the one famed for naval exploits, the other less remarkable, but not without celebrity for courage; Sir Thomas Knevet, master of the horse; and Lord Neville, brother to the Marquis of Dorset, filled up the lists of the combat on one side, and took the field. 'The trumpets blew to the field; the fresh, young gallants and noblemen gorgeously apparelled, with curious devices of cuts and of embroideries, as well in their coats as in trappers for their horses; some in gold, some in silver, some in tinsels, and divers others in goldsmith's work, goodly to behold.' Such was the array in which the young knights came forth to combat, assuming the name and devices of the Knights of Pallas. This band was opposed by another, entitled Diana's Knights, bearing as their trophy a golden spear, and professing to be the champions of the fair sex. The attire of both parties was equally fanciful and suitable to the allegorical character of the whole scene. The knights or scholars of Pallas, were clothed in garments of green velvet, carrying a crystal shield, on which was portrayed the goddess Minerva, and had the bases and bars of their horses embroidered with roses and pomegranates of gold; those of Diana were decorated with the bramble bush displayed in a similar manner. The prize of valour was the crystal shield. Between the lists, the spectators were amused with a pageant, representing a park enclosed with pales, containing fallow-deer, and attended by foresters and huntsmen. This park being moved towards the place where the queen sat, the gates were opened, the deer were let out, pursued by greyhounds, killed, and presented by Diana's champions to the queen and ladies. Thus were they included in the amusement, not only as observers, but as participators: nor were the populace without their share of enjoyments; streams of Rhenish wine and of claret, which flowed from the mouths of animals sculptured in stone and wood, were appropriated to their refreshment. Night closed on the joyous scene; but before its approach, the king, perceiving that the ardour of the combatants had become intemperate and dangerous, wisely limited the number of strokes, closed the tourney, and distributed the prizes. It was about this period that the tournament ceased to be merely a chivalric combat; and, united with the pageant, acquired more of the dramatic character. The pageant consisted of a temporary building, moved on vices, generally representing castles, rocks, mountains, palaces, gardens, or forests. The decoration of these ambulating scenes was attended with considerable expense, but was seldom conducted with taste or consistency. They generally contained figures, personating a curious medley of nymphs, savages, heathen gods, and Christian saints, giants, and the nine worthies, who descended and danced among the spectators. On the night of the Epiphany [1510], a pageant was introduced into the hall at Richmond, representing a hill studded with gold and precious stones; and having on its summit a tree of gold, from which hung roses and pomegranates. From the declivity of the hill descended a lady richly attired, who, with the gentlemen, or, as they were then called, children of honour, danced a morris before the king. On another occasion, in the presence of the court, an artificial forest was drawn in by a lion and an antelope, the hides of which were richly embroidered with golden ornaments; the animals were harnessed with chains of gold, and on each sat a fair damsel in gay apparel. In the midst of the forest, which was thus introduced, appeared a

gilded tower, at the gates of which stood a youth, holding in his hands a garland of roses, as the prize of valour in a tournament which succeeded the pageant."

This, at the very outset, is a fair example of the ability with which Mrs. Thomson has acquitted herself, and the interest she has thrown over all her narrative. Our other extracts shall be inserted rather for the sake of their intelligence than with any view further to display the good style, diligence, and other admirable qualities of the writer. Wolsey, of course, figures largely in these pages; and we regret that we must pass over the amusing accounts of his pageants, establishments, and personal conduct.

When the change in religion began first to make its way, "A citizen named Richard Hunne, having lost an infant by death in his house, was sued by the curate of the parish for the burying sheet of the child, which he claimed as a mortuary or compensation for tithes left unpaid at the decease of any person. Hunne refused to give up the shroud, and was cited to appear in the spiritual court; but having secured good counsel, he sued the curate in a premunire, for bringing him into a foreign court instead of the common law courts. Fitzjames, then Bishop of London, and Doctor Horsey his chancellor, indignant at this reprisal, accused Hunne of heresy, and caused him to be imprisoned in the Lollard's tower. In this dungeon he was one morning found dead, hanging by a silken girdle, which being loose round his neck, induced a suspicion as to the cause of his death. On examination, it was apparent that his neck had been broken with an iron chain, the skin being marked by an instrument of that nature; and from various other marks upon the body, it was too evident that his decease had not been the effect of his own hands. Such, however, was the exercise of justice in the usage of the clergy, that the body was tried for heresy; and several articles from the preface to Wickliffe's Bible, which was found in his possession, were charged against him; and, to conclude the farce, the mangled remains of the poor man were adjudged to be burned at Smithfield. To the disgrace of the church, the Bishops of Lincoln and Durham and many doctors of divinity and of the common law, sat with the Bishop of London on this case, so that the sentence was considered as the unanimous act of the clergy. The indignation of the people was excessive, and the city was never afterwards well affected to the priests. The inquest, which had sat on the body of Hunne, pronounced him to be murdered; and the crime had been clearly traced to the bishop's sumner, the bell-ringer, and to Doctor Horsey the chancellor. Great efforts were made to stop the trial of these men, which was immediately commenced; but even the authority of Wolsey, which was exerted to that effect, availed nothing. A bill was first passed in the House of Commons, for restoring Hunne's family to their goods and estate, which had the royal assent; and another was then introduced touching the murder, which occasioned violent contentions. The convocation of the clergy, perceiving the blow which was thus aimed at their privileges, summoned Doctor Standish before them. The temporal lords and judges thereupon appealed to the king to maintain his jurisdiction, and to defend Standish from his enemies. The king, in great perplexity, had recourse to Doctor Veysey, dean of his chapel, and afterwards Bishop of Exeter, whose opinion favoured the argument of Doctor Standish in agreeing to the propriety of clerks being convened before secular judges. After a long

discussion on this topic, and a decision by the judges in favour of the two doctors, the cardinal publicly, and on his knees, entreated the king, at an assembly of the lords spiritual and temporal at Baynard's Castle, to refer the matter to the pope: in this supplication he was seconded by the Archbishop of Canterbury, by the Bishop of Winchester, and by the majority of the clergy: but Henry, supported by the opinion of the judges, replied in these terms:—"That the kings of England in time past had no superior save God alone; that he was resolved to maintain the rights of his crown as his predecessors had done; that the decrees of the spirituality were not conformed to by many of its members; and that he was determined to preserve the same independence with regard to them as his progenitors had done." Nor did he condescend to reply to the reiterated instances of Warham, in favour of an appeal to the see of Rome. That prelate, for some time, concealed Horsey in his house, against the warrants which were issued on the decision of the judges; and, afterwards, the culprit was screened from punishment by the intercession of Wolsey, who represented to the king the certainty of a verdict being found against Horsey, and the danger of irritating the clergy by the execution of temporal justice upon one of their order. In consequence of this request, the attorney-general was commanded to allow Horsey's plea of not guilty, so that the criminal was dismissed; but quitting London, he could never return thither either "for fear or shame." Doctor Standish was also unjustly dismissed from the court of convocation.

We find, on going through these interesting volumes, that even to do them scant justice we must reserve a portion of review for another Saturday.

The Forest Sanctuary; and other Poems. By Mrs. Hemans. 8vo. pp. 205. London, 1826. J. Murray.

CIVILISED, improved, and refined, as we assert the present age to be, we doubt whether its superior excellence lies so much on the masculine side. There have been as famous statesmen, warriors, philosophers, poets, painters, in other times as there are now; but never were the beauty and power of feminine intellect felt as they are at present. We are told, it is true, of some among the ancients who overstepped their narrow limits, and made themselves a name:—we hear of the eloquence of an Aspasia—of the wit of a Lais—of the talents, nay, the learning of a Cleopatra: but how were these distinctions purchased? by the loss of the best loveliness of their sex—its delicate purity. We will pass over those barbarous times when they were alternately toys and slaves, and go on to that period when civilisation, if not at its zenith, had advanced at least into broad daylight—we will pause at the century only preceding our own. The few among women who then ventured into the highways of literature were but as small tapers which made the surrounding darkness more visible; and, worse than this, those to whom the storehouse of mental riches was opened became as the vain-glorious possessor of sudden wealth, which he knows not how to use, and only seeks how to display. It is the triumph of the present era, that it has women who unite the exercise of the highest talents with the performance of every domestic duty; that it has those who, in the pursuit of intellectual acquirements, and conquest of mental difficulties, can emulate the courage and perseverance of Hercules, without seeking

to use his club, or wear his lion-skin; and who can sacrifice to the Muses without neglecting the Graces.

Among these, Mrs. Hemans occupies a prominent place. She is a sweet and elegant writer. Many of her shorter pieces are exquisite; and in her more extended compositions there is always a degree of beauty which will amply reward the reader for an attentive study—we might say for frequent perusals. New charms will be found at each repetition; and we would not envy their feelings who did not, on a fair acquaintance with the productions of this lady, admire her talents, and love (is esteem a properer word for a critic? if so, esteem) herself.

At present, our time allows us only to give a brief review to the principal poem, as most of the smaller pieces have been published before; and we cannot refer to the *New Monthly Magazine, Literary Gazette*, and (perhaps) other periodicals in which they have appeared, in order to avoid the risk of reprinting, where we made our choice. We are told that *The Forest Sanctuary* "is intended to describe the mental conflicts, as well as outward sufferings, of a Spaniard, who, flying from the religious persecutions of his own country, in the 16th century, takes refuge with his child in a North American forest. The story is supposed to be related by himself amidst the wilderness which has afforded him an asylum." This perfectly explains the nature of the poem. The exile sees his friend Alvar and two sisters perish as heretics, at an *auto da fe*—is himself imprisoned for years, and tortured—escapes, and flies with his wife and child for America—she dies on the voyage—and he pours out his musings to his son. We are not very clear about a change of scene from South to North America; but it is, we believe (though dimly), implied. Another portion of the story is not so readily reconciled with consistency. The boy is represented as being quite infantine at his mother's death, and yet the father had been long years in prison: for the sake of character, we could wish this apparent anachronism had not struck us;—but, for Mrs. Hemans' sake, we are glad to add that it does not impeach the merit of her composition; from which we now proceed to make the few selections that its late arrival at our dissecting table enables us to gratify our friends with in this week's *Gazette*. In an apostrophe to his child, the following pleases us much:—

"Why should I weep on thy bright head, my boy?
Within thy fathers' halls thou wilt not dwell,
Nor lift their banner, with a warrior's joy,
Amidst the sons of mountain chiefs, who fell
For Spain of old. Yet what if rolling waves
Have borne us far from our ancestral graves?
Thou shalt not feel thy bursting heart rebel
As mine hath done; nor bear what I have borne,
Casting in falsehood's mould th' indignant brow of scorn."

A slight allusion on the bloody sacrifices of human victims to any cruel creed, is, nevertheless, very forcible in these lines:—

"Be thy memory cherish'd
With theirs, the thousands, that around her throne
Have pour'd their lives out smiling, in that doom
Finding a triumph, if denied a tomb!
—Ay, with their ashes hath the wind been sown,
And with their wind their spirit shall be spread,
Filling man's heart and home with records of the dead."

Woman's endurance of suffering and death is equally finely touched:—

"Alas! to see the strength which clings
Round woman in such hours!—a mournful sight,
Though lovely!—an o'erflowing of the springs,
The full springs of affection, deep as bright!
And she, because her life is ever twined
With other lives, and by no stormy wind
May thence be shaken, and because the light
Of tenderness is round her, and her eye
Doth weep such passionate tears—therefore she thus
can die."

And her love! The beloved of Inez, one of the victims to the Inquisition, rushes in at the moment she is about to mount the funeral pile:—

"But she—as falls a willow from the storm,
O'er its own river streaming—thus reclined
On the youth's bosom hung her fragile form,
And clasping arms, so passionately twined
Around his neck—with such a trusting fold,
A full, deep sense of safety in their hold,
As if sought earthly might th' embrace unbend!
Alas! a child's fond faith, believing still
Its mother's breast beyond the lightning's reach to kill!"

"Brief rest! upon the turning billow's height,
A strange sweet moment of some heavenly strain,
Floating between the savage gusts of night,
That sweep the seas to foam! Soon dark again
The hour—the scene—th' intensely present, rush'd
Back on her spirit, and her large tears gush'd
Like blood-drops from a victim; with swift rain
Bathing the bosom where she lean'd that hour,
As if her life would melt into th' overwhelming shower."

"But he, whose arm sustain'd her!—oh! I knew
'Twas vain, and yet he hoped!—he fondly strove
Back from her faith her sinking soul to woo,
As life might yet be hers!—A dream of love
Which could not look upon so fair a thing,
Remembering how like hope, like joy, like spring,
Her smile was wont to glance, her step to move,
And deem that men indeed, in very truth?

Could meet the sting of death for her soft flowery youth!
"He woo'd her back to life!—Sweet Inez, live!
My blessed Inez!—visions have beguiled me,
Thy heart—abjure them!—thou wert form'd to give,
And to find, joy! and hath not sunshine smiled
Around thee ever? Leave me not, mine own!
Or earth will grow too dark!—for thee alone,
Thou have I loved, thou gentlest! from a child,
And borne those images with me o'er the sea,
Thy soft voice in my soul—speak!—Oh! yet live for me!"

"She look'd up wildly; these were anxious eyes
Waiting that look—and eyes of troubled thought,
Alvar's—Theresa's!—Did her childhood rise,
With all its pure and home-affections fraught,
In the brief glance?—She clasp'd her hands—the strife
Of love, faith, fear, and that vain dream of life,
Within her woman's breast so deeply wrought,
It seem'd as if a reed so slight and weak
Must, in the rending storm not quiver only—break!"

"And thus it was—the young cheek flush'd and faded,
As the swift blood in currents came and went
And hues of death the marble brow o'ershadowed,
And the sunk eye a watery lustre sent
Through its white fluttering lids. Then tremblings

o'er the frail form, that shook it, as the blast
Shakes the sere leaf, until the spirit rent
Its way to peace—the fearful way unknown—
Pale in love's arms she lay—she!—what had loved was gone!"

The New World, as contrasted with the Old Spain—is excellently portrayed in a single stanza:—

"Thou hast a rich world round thee!—Mighty shades
Weaving their gorgeous tracery o'er thy head,
With the light melting through their high arcades,
As through a pillar'd cloister's: but the dead
Sleep not beneath! nor doth the sunbeam pass
To marble shrines through rainbow-tinted glass;
Yet thou, by fount and forest-murmur led
To worship, thou art blest!—to thee is shewn
Earth in her holy pomp, deck'd for her God alone."

When painting the sorrows of his early life, the chief character thus beautifully describes a prisonwork of the imagination:—

"Once my soul died within me. What had thrown
That sickness o'er it?—Even a passing thought
Of a clear spring, whose side, with flowers o'ergrown,
Fondly and oft my boyish steps had sought!
Perchance the damp roof's water-drops, that fell
Just then, low tinkling through my vaulted cell,
Intensely heard amidst the stillness, caught
Some tone from memory, of the music, welling
Ever with that fresh rill, from its deep rocky dwelling."

"But so my spirit's fever'd longings wrought,
Wakening, it might be, to the faint ad sound,
That from the darkness of the walls they brought
A loved scene round me, visibly around.
Yes! kindling, spreading, brightening, hue by hue,
Like stars from midnight, through the gloom it grew,
That haunt of youth, hope, manhood!—till the bound
Of my shut cavern seem'd dissolved, and I
Girt by the solemn hills and burning pomp of sky."

"I look'd—and lo! the clear broad river flowing,
Past the old Moorish ruin on the steep,
The lone tower dark against a heaven all glowing,
Like seas of glass and fire!—I saw the sweep
Of glorious woods far down the mountain side,
And their still shadows in the gleaming tide,
And the red evening on its waves asleep!
And midst the scene—oh! more than all—there smiled
My child's fair face, and her's, the mother of my child!"

"With their soft eyes of love and gladness raised
Up to the flushing sky, as when we stood
Last by that river, and in silence gazed
On the rich world of sunset—but a flood
Of sudden tenderness my soul oppress'd,
And I rushed forward with a yearning breast,
To clasp—as I a vision!—Wave and wood,
And gentle faces, lifted in the light
Of day's last hectic blush, all melted from my sight.

"Then darkness!—oh! th' unutterable gloom
That seem'd as narrowing round me, making less
And less my dungeon, when, with all its bloom,
That bright dream vanish'd from my loneliness!
It floated off, the beautiful!—yet left
Such deep thirst in my soul, that thus bereft,
I lay down, sick with passion's vain excess,
And pray'd to die.—How oft would sorrow weep
Her weariness to death, if he might come like sleep!"

When he escapes from his dungeon:—

"That was an hour to send its fadeless trace
Down life's far sweeping tide!—A dim, wild night,
Like sorrow, hung upon the soft moon's face,
Yet how my heart leap'd in her blessed light!
The shepherd's light—the sailor's on the sea—
The hunter's homeward from the mountains free,
Where its lone smile makes tremulously bright
The thousand streams! I could but gaze through tears—
Oh! what a sight is heaven, thus first beheld for years!

"The rolling clouds!—they have the whole blue space
Above to sail in all the dome of sky!
My soul shot with them in their breezy race
O'er star and gloom!—but I had yet to fly,
As flies the hunted wolf. A secret spot,
And strange, I knew—the sunbeam knew it not;
Wildest of all the savage glens that lie
In far sierras, hiding their deep springs,
And traversed but by storm or sounding eagle's wings.

"Ay, and I met the storm there!—I had gain'd
The covert's heart with swift and stealthy tread:
A moan went past me, and the dark trees rain'd
Their autumn foliage rustling on my head;
A moan—a hollow gust—and there I stood
Girt with majestic night, and ancient wood,
And foaming water. Thither might have fled
The mountain Christian with his fith of yore,
When Afric's tambour shook the ringing western shore!

"But through the black ravine the storm came swelling—
Mighty thou art amidst the hills, thou blast!
In thy lone course the kindly cedars felling,
Like plumes upon the path of battle cast!
A rent oak thunder'd down beside my cave—
Roaring it rush'd, as booms a deep sea-wave;
A falcon soared; a startled wild-deer pass'd;
A far-off bell toll'd faintly through the roar—
How my glad spirit swept forth with the winds once more!

"And with the arrowy lightnings!—for thy flash'd,
Smiting the branches in their fitful play,
And brightly shivering where the torrents dash'd
Up, even to crag and eagle's nest, their spray!
And there to stand amidst the pealing strife,
The strong pines groaning with tempestuous life,
And all the mountain-voices on their way—
Was it not joy!—twas joy in rushing night,
After those years that wove but one long dead of night!"

The departure from his native land is in the
same delightful and pathetic strain:—

"It was a woe to say—'Farewell, my Spain!
The sunny and the vintage land, farewell!'—
I could have died upon the battle-plain
For thee, my country! but I might not dwell
In thy sweet vales, at peace. The voice of song
Breathes, with the myrtle scent, thy hills along;
The citron's glow is caught from shade and dell;
But what are these?—upon thy flowery sod
I might not kneel, and pour my free thoughts out to God!

"O'er the blue deep I fled, the chainless deep!
—Strange heart of man! that 'eriden mist woe swells high,
When through the foam he sees his proud bark sweep,
Flinging out joyous gleams to wave and sky!
Yes! it swells high, whatever he leaves behind;
His spirit rises with the rising wind;
For, wedded to the far futurity
On, on, it bears him ever, and the main
Seems rushing, like his hope, some happier shore to gain."

The death of his beloved Leonor, and her
funeral at sea, are full of tender and natural
passages; but we must take them from various
stanzas.

"But the true parting came!—I look'd my last
On the sad beauty of that slumbering face;
How could I think the lovely spirit pass'd?
Which there had left so tenderly its trace?
Yet a dim awfulness was on the brow—
No! not like sleep to look upon art Thou,
Death, death!—She lay, a thing for earth's embrace,
To cover with spring-wreaths—For earth's!—the wave,
That gives the bler no flowers, makes moan above her
grave.

"On the mid-sea a knell! for man was there,
Anguish and love—the mourner with his dead;
A long low-rolling knell—a voice of prayer—
Dark glassy waters; like a desert spread—

And the pale-shining Southern Cross on high,
Its faint stars fading from a solemn sky,
Where mighty clouds before the dawn grew red!—
Were these things round me?—Such o'er memory sweep
Wildly when aught brings back that burial of the deep.

"Then the broad lonely sunrise!—and the plash
Into the sounding waves!—around her head
They parted, with a glancing moment's flash,
Then shut—and all was still. And now thy bed
Is of their secrets, gentlest Leonor!
Once fairest of young brides!—and never more,
Loved as thou wert, may human tear be shed
Above thy rest!—No mark the proud seas keep,
To shew where he that wept may pause again to weep.

"Oh! the sullen sense
Of desolation in that hour compress'd!
Dust going down, a speck, amidst th' immense
And gloomy waters, leaving on their breast
The trace a weed might leave there!—Dust!—the thing
Which to the heart was as a living spring
Of joy, with fearfulness of love possess'd,
Thus sinking!—Love, joy, fear, all crush'd to this—
And the wide heaven so far—so fathomless th' abyss!

"Where the line sounds not, where the wrecks lie low,
What shall wake thence the dead?—Blest, blest are they
That earth to earth intrust; for they may know
And tend the dwelling whence the slumberer's clay
Shall rise at last, and bid the young flowers bloom,
That waft a breath of hope around the tomb,
And kneel upon the dewy turf to pray!
But thou, what cave hath dimly chamber'd thee?
Vain dreams!—oh! art thou not where there is no more
sea?

"The wind rose free and singing!—when for ever,
O'er that sole spot of all the watery plain,
I could have bent my sight with fond endeavour
Down, where its treasure was, its glance to strain;
Then rose the reckless wind!—Before our prow
The white foam flash'd—ay, joyously—and thou
Wert left with all the solitary main.
Around thee—and thy beauty in my heart,
And thy meek sorrowing love—oh! where could that
depart?"

"Oh! wherefore doth the thought
Of the wave dashing o'er thy long bright hair,
The sea-weed into its dark tresses wrought,
The sand thy pillow—thou that wert so fair!
Come o'er me still!—Earth, earth!—it is the hold
Earth ever keeps on that of earthy mould!"

With these affecting extracts we must finish:
perhaps we could detect two or three little
faults, for criticism; but it would be most un-
gracious to shew that there were imperfections
where there is so much that deserves public
favour, and must excite those feelings of sym-
pathy which it is the true triumph of the Muse
to inspire.

Woodstock. [Second Notice.]

OUR notice of this novel broke off where Charles
was introduced, a disguised fugitive, to the
table of Sir Henry Lee: the narrative pro-
ceeds.

"The grace was said; and the young squire
of Ditchley, as well as Dr. Rochcliffe, made
an excellent figure at a meal, the like of which,
in quality and abundance, did not seem to
have lately fallen to their share. But their
feats were child's-play to those of the Scotch
youth. Far from betraying any symptoms of
the bread and butter with which he had at-
tempted to close the orifice of his stomach, his
appetite appeared to have been sharpened by a
nine days' fast; and the knight was disposed to
think that the very genius of famine himself,
come forth from his native regions of the north,
was in the act of honouring him with a visit,
while, as if afraid of losing a moment's exertion,
Master Kerneguy never looked either to right
or left, or spoke a single word to any at table.

"I am glad to see that you have brought a
good appetite for our country fare, young gen-
tleman," said Sir Henry.—"Bread of gude!
sir," said the page, "an ye'll find flesh, I've
find appetite conforming, onny day o' the year.
But the truth is, sir, that the appetite seem-
ing has been coming on for three days or four,
and the meat in this southland of yours has been
scarce, and hard to come by; so, sir, I'm
making up for lost time, as the piper of Sligo

said, when he ate a hail side o' mutton.—
'You have been country-bred, young man,'
said the knight, who, like others of his time,
held the reins of discipline rather tight over
the rising generation; 'at least, to judge from
the youths of Scotland, whom I have seen at
his late majesty's court, in former days—they
had less appetite, and more—more—As he
sought the qualifying phrase, which might
supply the place of 'good manners,' his guest
closed the sentence in his own way.—'And
more meat, it may be—the better luck theirs.'
—Sir Henry stared, and was silent. His son
seemed to think it time to interpose.—'My
dear father,' he said, 'think how many years
have run since the thirty-eight, when the
Scottish troubles first began, and I am sure
that you will not wonder that, while the barons
of Scotland have been, for one cause or other,
perpetually in the field, the education of their
children at home must have been much neg-
lected, and that young men of my friend's age
know better about using a broadsword, or toss-
ing a pike, than about the decent ceremonials
of society.—'The reason is a sufficient one,'
said the knight; 'and, since thou sayest thy
follower Kerneguy can fight, we'll not let him
lack victuals, a God's name.—See, he looks
angrily still at yonder cold loin of mutton—for
God's sake put it all on his plate!—'I can
bide the bit and the buffet,' said the honourable
Master Kerneguy.—'a hungry tyke ne'er minds
a bauld with a rough bane.—'Now, God ha'
mercy, Albert; but if this be the son of a Scots
peer,' said Sir Henry to his son, in a low tone
of voice, I would not be the English ploughman
who would change manners with him for his
ancient blood, and his nobility, and his estate
to boot, an he has one.—He has eaten, as I am
a Christian, near four pounds of solid butcher's
meat, and with the grace of a wolf tugging at
the carcass of a dead horse.—Oh, he is about
to drink at last.—Soh!—he wipes his mouth,
though,—and dips his fingers in the ewer—and
dries them, I profess, with the napkin!—there
is some grace in him after all.—'Here is wu-
sing all your vara gude healths!' said the youth
of quality, and took a draught in proportion
to the solids which he had sent before; he then
flung his knife and fork awkwardly on the
trencher, which he pushed back towards the
centre of the table, extended his feet beneath it
till they rested on their heels, folded his arms
on his well-replenished stomach, and, lolling
back in his chair, looked much as if he was
about to whistle himself asleep.—'Soh! said
the knight, 'the honourable Master Kerneguy
hath laid down his arms.—Withdraw these
things, and give us our glasses.—Fill them

"This again reminds us of Boscebol. "After supper,
Col. Carls ask'd his Majesty what meat he would
please to have provided for the morrow being Sunday:
his Majesty desired some mutton, if it might be had;
but it was thought dangerous for William to go to
any market to buy it, since his neighbors all knew he
did not use to buy such for his own dyet, and so it might
beget a suspicion of his having strangers at his house; but
the Col. found another expedient to satisfy his Majesty's
desires. Early on Sunday morning he repairs to Mr.
William Staunton's sheep cote, who rented some of Boscebol
grounds. Here he chose one of the best sheep, sticks
him with his dagger, then sends Wil. for the mutton, who
brings him home on his back.

"As soon as the mutton was cold, William cut it up,
and brought a leg of it into the parlor. His Majesty call'd
for a knife and a trencher, and cut some of it into collops,
and prick'd them with the knife's point; then call'd for a
frying pan and butter, and fry'd the collops himself, of
which he ate heartily: Col. Carls the while being but
under cook, (and that honor enough too), made the fire
and turn'd the collops in the pan.

"When the Colonel afterwards attended his Majesty in
France, his Majesty calling to remembrance this passage,
among others, was pleas'd merrily to propose it, as a prob-
lematical question, whether himself or the Col. were the
master-cook at Boscebol? and the supremacy was of right
adjudg'd to his Majesty."

around, Joceline; and if the devil or the whole parliament were within hearing, let them hear Henry Lee of Ditchley drink a health to King Charles, and confusion to his enemies!"

Wildrake comes in, and a spirited account of the action at Brentford is given in a conversation which arises between him and Sir Henry Lee. The whole of this scene is very dramatic, and not the least so where Kerneguy and Wildrake come into contact; but we must close it with a finale,—a glee sung by the company before breaking up for bed-rooms:—

"Bring the bowl which you boast,
Fill it up to the brim;

'Tis to him we love most,
And to all who love him.

Brave gallants, stand up,
And avault, ye base caries!

Were there death in the cup,
Here's a health to King Charles!

"Though he wanders through dangers,
Unaided, unknown,
Dependent on strangers,
Estranged from his own;

Though 'tis under our breath,
Amidst forfeits and perils,

Here's to honour and faith,
And a health to King Charles!

"Let such honours abound
As the time can afford,
The knee on the ground,
And the hand on the sword;

But the time shall come round,
When 'mid Lords, Dukes, and Earls,

The loud trumpets shall sound
Here's a health to King Charles!"

Of the rest of the life, character, and behaviour of the youthful Charles, (in 1651, he was about twenty-two), while among the Lees at Woodstock, all we can say is, that they are painted in a masterly way. His pseudo amour with Alice is sketched with a refined knowledge of human nature; though the lady, like the majority of the author's female characters, seems to have too masculine a comprehension for a female so wooed. She argues a little too much like a man of the world; but the matter is finely wrought between her fervent loyalty as a subject, and her proud affection for her cousin Everard. The tale after this augments in interest. Everard and Charles meet, quarrel, and make an appointment for a duel; (on which occasion, by the by, Wildrake is drawn out into excessive caricature),—the king, for a noble purpose, discovers himself to his enemy, and the plot thickens. Cromwell arrives at Woodstock with a picked band, Tomkins (a double spy) having informed him of the king's retreat: he arrests Everard, Wildrake, and Holdenough, and proceeds by night to secure his prize. But in the interim, Tomkins, who was to have been his guide, is killed by Jocelin for rudely assailing Phoebe; and the attack on Woodstock is made under some disadvantages, the royal bird having previously flown. The conclusion is, nevertheless, extremely spirited.

"Any news, Pearson?" said the general to his aid-de-camp, who came instantly to report to his superior. He received for answer, 'None.' Cromwell led his officer forward just opposite to the door of the Lodge, and there paused betwixt the circles of guards, so that their conversation could not be overheard. He then pursued his inquiry, demanding—"Were there any lights, any appearances of stirring; any attempt at sally; any preparation for defence?"—"All as silent as the valley of the shadow of death; even as the vale of Jehoshaphat."—"Pshaw! tell me not of Jehoshaphat, Pearson," said Cromwell, "these words are good for others, but not for thee. Say plainly, and like a blunt soldier as thou art. Each man hath his own mode of speech, and bluntness, not sanctity, is thine."—"Well then,

nothing has been stirring," said Pearson. "Yet peradventure—"—"Peradventure not me," said Cromwell, "or thou wilt tempt me to knock thy teeth out. I ever distrust a man when he speaks after another fashion from his own."—"Zounds! let me speak to an end," answered Pearson, "and I will speak in what language your excellency will."—"Thy zounds, friend," said Oliver, "sheweth little of grace, but much of sincerity. Go to thee: thou knowest I love and trust thee. Hast thou kept close watch? It behoves us to know that, before giving the alarm."—"On my soul," said Pearson, "I have watched as closely as a cat a mouse-hole: made my rounds as often as any turnspit. It is beyond possibility that any thing could have eluded our vigilance, or even stirred within the house without our being aware of it."—"Tis well," said Cromwell; "thy services shall not be forgotten, Pearson. Thou canst not preach and pray, but thou canst obey thine orders, Gilbert Pearson, and that may make amends."—"I thank your excellency," replied Pearson; "but I beg to chime in with the humours of the times. A poor fellow hath no right to hold himself singular."—"He paused, expecting Cromwell's orders what next was to be done, and, indeed, not a little surprised that the general's active and prompt spirit had suffered him, during a moment so critical, to cast away a thought upon a circumstance so trivial as his officer's peculiar mode of expressing himself. He wondered still more, when, by a brighter gleam of moonshine than he had yet enjoyed, he observed that Cromwell was standing motionless, his hands supported upon his sword, which he had taken out of the belt, and his stern brows bent on the ground. He waited for some time impatiently, yet afraid to interfere, lest he should awaken this unwonted fit of ill-timed melancholy into anger and impatience. He listened to the muttering sounds which escaped from the half-opened lips of his principal, in which the words, 'hard necessity,' which occurred more than once, were all of which the sense could be distinguished. 'My lord general,' at length he said, 'time flies.'—"Peace, busy fiend, and urge me not!" said Cromwell. "Think'st thou, like other fools, that I have made a paction with the devil for success, and am bound to do my work within an appointed hour, lest the spell should lose its force?"—"I only think, my lord general," said Pearson, "that fortune has put into your offer what you have long desired to make prize of, and that you hesitate."—"Cromwell sighed deeply as he answered, 'Ah, Pearson, in this troubled world, a man, who is called like me to work great things in Israel, had need to be, as the poets feign, a thing made of hardened metal, immovable to feelings of human charities, impassible, resistless. Pearson, the world will hereafter, perchance, think of me as being such a one as I have described, 'an iron man and made of iron mould.' Yet they will wrong my memory—my heart is flesh, and my blood is mild as that of others. When I was a sportsman, I have wept for the gallant heron that was struck down by my hawk, and sorrowed for the hare which lay screaming under the jaws of my greyhound; and canst thou think it a light thing to me, that the blood of this lad's father lying in some measure upon my head, I should now put in peril that of the son? They are of the kindly race of English sovereigns, and, doubtless, are adored like to demigods by those of their own party. I am called parricide, blood-thirsty usurper, already, for shedding the blood of one man, that the plague might be stayed—or as Achan was slain, that

Israel might thereafter stand against the face of their enemies. Nevertheless, who has spoken to me graciously since that high deed? Those who acted in the matter with me are willing that I should be the scape-goat of atonement—those who looked on and helped not, bear themselves now as if they had been borne down by violence; and while I looked that they should shout applause on me, because of the victory of Worcester, whereof the Lord had made me the poor instrument, they look aside to say, 'Ha! ha! the kingkiller, the parricide—soon shall his place be made desolate.'—Truly, it is a great thing, Gilbert Pearson, to be lifted above the multitude; but when one feeleth that his exaltation is rather hailed with hate and scorn than with love and reverence—in sooth, it is a hard matter for a mild, tender-conscience, infirm spirit to bear—and God be my witness, that rather than do this new deed, I would shed my own best heart's-blood in a pitched field, twenty against one.' Here he fell into a passion of tears, which he sometimes was wont to do. This extremity of passion was of a singular character. It was not actually the result of penitence, and far less that of absolute hypocrisy, but arose merely from the temperature of that remarkable man, whose deep policy and ardent enthusiasm were intermingled with a strain of hypochondriacal passion, which often led him to exhibit scenes of this sort, though seldom, as now, when he was called to the execution of great undertakings. Pearson, well acquainted as he was with the peculiarities of his general, was baffled and confounded by this fit of hesitation and contrition, by which his enterprising spirit appeared to be so suddenly paralysed. After a moment's silence he said, with some dryness of manner, 'If this be the case, it is a pity your Excellency came hither. Corporal Humgudgeon and I, the greatest saint and the greatest sinner in your army, had done the deed, and divided the guilt and the honour betwixt us.'—"Ha!" said Cromwell, as if touched to the quick, 'would'st thou take the prey from the lion?'—"If the lion behaves like a village cur," said Pearson boldly, 'who now barks and seems as if he would tear all to pieces, and now flies from a raised stick or a stone, I know not why I should fear him. If Lambert had been here, there had been less speaking and more action.'—"Lambert? What of Lambert?" said Cromwell, very sharply. "Only," said Pearson, "that I long since hesitated whether I should follow your Excellency or him—and I begin to be less certain that I have made the best choice, that's all."—"Lambert!" exclaimed Cromwell, impatiently, yet softening his voice lest he should be overheard decanting on the character of his rival,—"What is Lambert?"—"a tulip-fancying fellow, whom nature intended for a Dutch gardener at Delft or Rotterdam. Ungrateful as thou art, what could Lambert have done for thee?"—"He would not," answered Pearson, "have stood here hesitating before a locked door, when fortune presented the means of securing, by one blow, his own fortune, and that of all who followed him."—"Thou art right, Gilbert Pearson," said Cromwell, grasping his officer's hand, and strongly pressing it. "Be the half of this bold account thine, whether the reckoning be on earth or heaven."—"Be the whole of it mine hereafter," said Pearson hardily, "so your Excellency have the advantage of it upon earth. Step back to the rear till I force the door—there may be danger, if despair induce them to make a desperate sally."—"And if they do sally, is there one of my iron sides who fear fire or steel less than myself?" said the general. "Let ten of

the most determined men follow us, two with halberts, two with petronels, the others with pistols.—Let all their arms be loaded, and fire without hesitation, if there is any attempt to resist or sally forth. Let Corporal Humdudgeon be with them, and do thou remain here, and watch against escape, as thou would'st watch for thy salvation.' The general then struck at the door with the hilt of his sword—at first with a single blow or two, then with a reverberation of strokes that made the ancient building ring again."

But the storming must be read in the original; and we will not mar the reader's enjoyment by anticipating the conclusions. Suffice it that we pass to the final chapter, which overstepping nine years, treats us with a glimpse of the Restoration. In seven pages it displays more beauties of sentiment (the style being still unpolished) than any hundred and seventy in the rest of the three volumes.

"Years rush by us like the wind. We see not whence the eddy comes, nor whitherward it is tending, and we seem ourselves to witness their flight without a sense that we are changed; and yet Time is beguiling man of his strength, as the winds rob the woods of their foliage."

"Shortly afterwards, all England was engaged in chorusing his favourite ditty—

Oh, the twenty-ninth of May,
It was a glorious day,
When the king shall enjoy his own again.

On that memorable day, the king prepared to make his progress from Rochester to London, with a reception on the part of his subjects so unanimously cordial, as made him say gaily, it must have been his own fault to stay so long away from a country where his arrival gave so much joy. On horseback, betwixt his brothers, the Dukes of York and Gloucester, the restored monarch trod slowly over roads strewn with flowers—by conduits running wine, under triumphal arches, and through streets hung with tapestry. There were the citizens in various bands, some arrayed in coats of black velvet, with gold chains; some in military suits of cloth of gold, or cloth of silver, followed by all those craftsmen, who, having hooted the father from Whitehall, were now come to shout the son into possession of his ancestral palace. On his progress through Blackheath, he passed that army, which, so long formidable to England herself, as well as to Europe, had been the means of restoring the monarchy, which their own hands had destroyed. As the king passed the last files of this formidable host, he came to an open part of the heath, where many persons of quality, with others of inferior rank, had stationed themselves to gratulate him as he passed towards the capital. There was one group, however, which attracted peculiar attention from those around, on account of the respect shewn to the party by the soldiers who kept the ground, and who, whether Cavaliers or Roundheads, seemed to contest emulously which should contribute most to their accommodation; for both the elder and younger gentlemen of the party had been distinguished in the civil war. It was a family group, of which the principal figure was an old man seated in a chair, having a complacent smile on his face, and a tear swelling to his eye, as he saw the banners wave on in interminable succession, and heard the multitude shouting the long silenced acclamation, 'God save King Charles!' His cheek was ashy pale, and his long beard bleached like the thistle down; his blue eye was cloudless, yet it was obvious that

its vision was failing. His motions were feeble, and he spoke little, except when he answered the prattle of his grand-children, or asked a question at his daughter, who sat beside him, matured in matronly beauty, or at Colonel Everard, who stood behind. There too the stout yeoman, Joceline Joliffe, still in his sylvan dress, leaned, like a second Benajah, on the quarter-staff that had done the king good service in its day, and his wife, a buxom matron as she had been a pretty maiden, laughed at her own consequence; and ever and anon joined her shrill notes to the stentorian halloo which her husband added to the general exclamation. Three fine boys and two pretty girls prattled around their grandfather, who made them such answers as suited their age, and repeatedly passed his withered hand over the fair locks of the little darlings, while Alice, assisted by Wildrake, (blazing in a splendid dress, and his eyes washed with only a single cup of canary), took off the children's attention from time to time, lest they should weary their grandfather. We must not omit one other remarkable figure in the group—a gigantic dog, which bore the signs of being at the extremity of canine life, being perhaps fifteen or sixteen years old; but though exhibiting but the ruin of his former appearance, his eyes dim, his joints stiff, his head slouched down, and his gallant carriage and graceful motions exchanged for a stiff, rheumatic, hobbling gait, the noble hound had lost none of his instinctive fondness for his master. To lie by Sir Henry's feet in the sun in summer, or by the fire in winter, to raise his head to look on him, to lick his withered hand, or his shrivelled cheek from time to time, seemed now all that Bevis lived for. Three or four livery-servants attended to protect this group from the thronging multitude; but it needed not. The high respectability and unpretending simplicity of their appearance, gave them, even in the eyes of the coarsest of the people, an air of patriarchal dignity, which commanded general regard; and they sat upon the bank which they had chosen for their station by the way-side, as undisturbed as if they had been in their own park. And now the distant clarions announced the royal presence. Onward came pursuivant and trumpet—onward came plumes and cloth of gold, and waving standards displayed, and swords gleaming to the sun; and at length, heading a group of the noblest in England, and supported by his royal brothers on either side, onward came King Charles. He had already halted more than once, in kindness perhaps as well as policy, to exchange a word with persons whom he recognised among the spectators, and the shouts of the by-standers applauded a courtesy which seemed so well timed; but when he had gazed an instant on the party we have described, it was impossible, if even Alice had been too much changed to be recognised, not instantly to know Bevis and his venerable master. The monarch sprang from his horse, and walked instantly up to the old knight, amid thundering acclamations which rose from the multitudes around, when they saw Charles with his own hand oppose the feeble attempts of the old man to rise to do him homage. Gently replacing him on the seat—'Bless,' he said, 'father—bless your son, who has returned in safety, as you blessed him when he departed in danger.'—'May God bless—and preserve'—muttered the old man, overcome by his feelings; and the king, to give him a few moments' repose, turned to Alice—'And you,' he said, 'my fair guide,

how have you been employed since our perilous night-walk? But I need not ask,' glancing round—'in the service of king and kingdom, bringing up subjects as loyal as their ancestors. —A fair lineage, by my faith, and a beautiful sight to the eye of an English king!—Colonel Everard, we shall see you, I trust, at Whitehall?' Here he nodded to Wildrake. 'And thou, Joceline, thou canst hold thy quarter-staff with one hand, sure?—Thrust forward the other palm.' Looking down in sheer bashfulness, Joceline, like a bull about to push, extended to the king, over his lady's shoulder, a hand as broad and hard as a wooden trencher, which the king filled with gold coins. 'Buy a head-gear for my friend Phoebe with some of these,' said Charles; 'she too has been doing her duty to Old England.' The king then turned once more to the knight, who seemed making an effort to speak. He took his aged hand in both his own, and stooped his head towards him to catch his accents, while the old man, detaining him with the other hand, said something faltering, of which Charles could only catch the quotation—

Unthreat the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.

Extricating himself, therefore, as gently as possible, from a scene which began to grow painfully embarrassing, the good-natured king said, speaking with unusual distinctness to insure the old man's comprehending him, 'This is something too public a place for all we have to say. But if you come not soon to see King Charles at Whitehall, he will send down Louis Kernegy to visit you, that you may see how rational he is become since his travels.' So saying, he once more pressed affectionately the old man's hand, bowed to Alice and all around, and withdrew; Sir Henry Lee listening with a smile, which showed he comprehended the gracious tendency of what had been said. The old man leaned back on his seat, and muttered the *Nunc dimittis*. 'Excuse me for having made you wait, my lords,' said the king, as he mounted his horse; 'had it not been for these good folks, you might have waited for me long enough.—Move on, sirs.' The array moved on accordingly; the sound of trumpets and drums again arose amid the acclamations, which had been silent while the king stopped; while the effect of the whole procession resuming its motion, was so splendidly dazzling, that even Alice's anxiety about her father's health was for a moment suspended, while her eye followed the long line of varied brilliancy that proceeded over the heath. When she looked again at Sir Henry, she was startled to see that his cheek, which had gained some colour during his conversation with the king, had relapsed into earthy paleness; that his eyes were closed, and opened not again; and that his features expressed amid their quietude, a rigidity which is not that of sleep. They ran to his assistance, but it was too late. The light that burned so low in the socket, had leaped up, and expired, in one exhilarating flash. The rest must be conceived. I have only to add, that his faithful dog did not survive him many days; and that the image of Bevis lies carved at his master's feet, on the tomb which was erected to the memory of Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley."

We had intended to add some illustrations, from various sources, of the period which this novel embraces, but our limits prevent us from doing so in this Number, though we trust we shall be able to give a short paper of considerable interest upon the subject in our next *Gazette*.

Mr. W. Rae Wilson's Travels in Sweden, &c.
WE promised to conclude our notice of this gentleman's foreign discoveries in this Number of our *Gazette*, as we had, in our last, shewn what wonderful matters he could find out between London and Harwich. If we do not execute this task at the length due to his talents, we hope he will, and we are sure the public will, excuse us.

"At *Rasgaadad* [pronounce the first syllable who can] I was detained an hour for horses, which is a rare occurrence; this, however, gave me an opportunity of seeing the mode of conveying letters through the country, as there are mails established. A boy, seated on a little cart drawn by one horse, and having a trunk or box for the letters fastened before him, came gaily up to the post-house, announcing his approach by playing a lively Norwegian air on his horn. The rapidity of such messengers affords the wise man a beautiful simile, when, alluding to the velocity of him, he says, 'Now my days are swifter than a post; they flow away.'"

Prodigious! as Dominie Samson exclaimeth: but *enough*, for we are quite impartial.

"Next morning I left Moe at nine o'clock. About a mile from the post-house, the road to Drontheim separates from the main road. All the people I had occasion to meet seemed to be most industrious; and many of the females, as I had observed in Wales, were busily employed in the knitting of blue stockings,—a custom, it may be added, that also prevails in Jersey. On viewing this operation, it strongly reminded me of those members of the Blue Stocking Club in our own country; or, in other words, that knot of learned females who are so highly distinguished for their numerous productions of taste, wit, and unrivalled humour."

Prodigious! again: by Minerva, if Mr. Wilson adventures his individual body into any genuine Blue Coterie "in our own country," they will teach him to compare them to roadside vagabonds knitting blue stockings.—But of our author's minuteness, our next chance openings are fine examples.

"In this city," Stockholm, "women wear bonnets resembling those in England and France; and in winter, I understand, they are muffled up in large cloaks"! How strange!

"After changing horses at Haarstad, I found the road to be better than formerly; and farther on met a number of peasants employed in repairing it. Their tools consisted of wooden spades, round at bottom, and edged with iron of about one inch in breadth; their handles were bent in the middle, and the top curved, not unlike the form of the handle of a fiddle."

And he finishes the sentence thus—

"In the evening I arrived at Kongslinger, and at the very moment the sun, that great soul of the universe, or emblem of the Creator of all, was going down."

It shocks common sense and right feeling when such offensive language as this is used, however innocently, by an incompetent pen: but let us proceed. At Kongslinger, the "castle at one time held a garrison of 1000 men: at present there is only a commander." Only a commander, with, consequently, nobody to command! But the place is altogether curious, for Mr. Wilson adds, "I passed a most comfortable night at Kongslinger, and found my bill in the morning *highly reasonable*." After this he becomes romantic.

"A journey through these innumerable and unbroken forests, which erect their towering

heads, adorned with summer's pride, excite many reflections in the traveller. Among others, may be mentioned the bounty of Providence and the variety of purposes to which this beneficence may be applied. In the first place, ample materials for ship and boat-building are afforded, or erecting houses, making articles of furniture, and various operations of the mechanic, and for supplying of fuel for a blazing hearth. The leaves also scattered over the floor, as I formerly had so often occasion to mention, are swept off, and collected for manure; and, as I also said, for the very maintenance of cattle. Fodder is also supplied for the latter, and friendly shades afforded them under the burning sun. Nay, the very bark affords provisions for the natives, in some parts of the country, as I also took an opportunity of explaining; and, further, in these woods delicious odours are thrown out from the flowery tribe, which have charms of an endless novelty from their surprising variety. The more, in fact, these blooming tenants of the 'woods and wilds' are examined, the greater are we struck with their unrivalled beauties and graces." Oh, dear!

"The graves in the churchyard were sacrilegiously trodden under by the number of people who crossed it, as being their nearest road: and the inhabitants dry their clothes on the graves of their ancestors—thus treading on the turf which once glowed in all the pride of existence."

But these miscellaneous extracts are not to be compared with the author's "highly reasonable" flights: for instance, his observations on seeing fish caught are remarkably sublime, though at the same time very philosophical.

"I may observe, that I never can look upon the finny tribe without contemplating the wonderful ways of Providence. We find the number and size of fishes that are produced in the different waters are altogether innumerable. Further, although they have no hands or feet, but a head and tail, yet with their quick eyes, and so few external parts, they are more active than if they had the former. To our sight, they appear rather to fly than swim. It is a question that cannot fail often to occur, namely,—how can they possibly exist, nay strengthen, in waters that a human creature cannot drink, and how is it that the flesh of those in the sea does not taste of salt?"

Here is a poser! Why does a black hen lay a white egg? is nothing to it. The "flesh" of fish is, besides, a poetical phrase, and we love to hear these poor dumb creatures thus kindly spoken of, and elevated, as it were, in the scale of creation, though they have no hands nor feet, but only a head and tail! Probably, if they had hands, some one of them might write a volume of its travels, (not pedestrian, seeing they have no feet),—as for head, it has nothing to do with such publications, as the volume under review amply proveth. Throughout, however, Mr. Wilson is superb in matters of natural history.

"On the right side of the road (near Gertzberg) numbers of *suine* were to be seen, and also sheep, well *fleece*," page 161: and two pages on,— "Numbers of pigs and saep were feeding by the road-side: the former had *high bristles on their backs*!"—In the science of astronomy he is equally at home.

"Although it was now midnight, yet the horizon was so clear and luminous that one might read, write, and do every kind of work; and it is related of one of the Danish monarchs, that, on occasion of his visit at Drontheim, he supped there at midnight without the use of

artificial light. In the extremity of Norway the sun is continually in view during summer, and in winter only for some weeks."

Nor is his knowledge of politics inferior to his other cultivated accomplishments.

"Notwithstanding the King of Sweden had conquered this country, and, from the formidable powers he possessed, might have declared himself a despotic sovereign, whose mere word should be held as a rule of law, and thus forced the Norwegians into absolute submission, such measures were not attempted in any shape, or even thought of; but on the contrary, he freely granted to the Norwegians a constitution or liberal form of government: and here a remark may in justice be made, that the liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made themselves, whatsoever be their form."

"On forms of government let fools contest, Whatever's best administer'd is best."

Which mysterious dogma, being translated, implies that a conquered people, (which, by the by, the Norwegians were *not*), having a form of government allowed them by a sovereign whose power was *despotic*, are a free people, governed by laws which they have made themselves! And then comes the crowning couplet, which, by a fortunate conglomeration of absurdities, stultifies the foregoing proposition, whichever way the writer intended it to be understood. But we must hasten through. Every now and then the author *meets* with roads, &c.; and at page 162, sees an *arm of the sea within five minutes' walk* from a gentleman's house. It is adjacent to this walking arm of the sea, that "the inhabitants certainly appear to have made great progress in agriculture." . . . For instance, "thistles, and other weeds of considerable height, almost choked the corn in the fields, and no steps were taken to clear them and secure the very finest crops of grain. Potatoes shared the same fate, and all the fields exhibited a representation of the sluggard's patrimony." Striking proofs, indeed, of their great progress in agriculture.

At the river Svarto, which Mr. Wilson crossed by a wooden bridge, he made a singular discovery, namely, that "the water is not of any depth," page 178; and at Arboga found this strange sort of legislation, *videlicet*, that if any body smokes a pipe or *segar* in the streets, "confiscation of the pipe of the trespasser" is the punishment. Now, *segar* smokers, as it happens, have no pipes to confiscate. Thus blundering, and uttering all kinds of nonsensical remarks, hap-hazard, the volume flounders on:—"You occasionally see, in this country, waggons loaded with wood, driven by omen."

The oxen here, then, resemble the horses in *Gulliver's Travels*.^{*} Another wonder is exhibited by the women of Dalecarlia.

"The females wear very short brown cloth petticoats, plaited close round, and stuffed about the hips in the Dutch fashion, red stockings, enormous strong leather shoes, with a high round heel, almost like a timber toe, placed in the middle of the sole, and attached with red strings and tassels."

A heel which is like a toe, and in the middle of the sole, low as it is, is above our comprehension, and we will not expose our ignorance by attempting to explain it: *ne sutor ultra*

^{*} Other animals are not permitted to enjoy equal privileges, which is shameful in a land of liberty. What would Mr. Martin say to it: that while oxen drive carts as they list, "dogs (at Stockholm) are prohibited [it must be by a Bull] from going at large about the streets, unless they are led with a string. If a dog is otherwise found, the person who kills him is entitled to a reward of three dollars hence, and a smaller sum if he busies the animal."

crepidam, is our motto; only we wish Mr. Wilson had illustrated this curiosity by a plate. He informs us farther, that—

"The ancestors of this people must certainly have been distinguished for gigantic stature, if we are to credit the fact that an enormous iron coffin was discovered lately in Ropersberg, in Dalecarlia, in which was the skeleton of a man, who, when living, must have been nearly eleven feet in height! In short, [mark the conclusion of the syllogism, the first two propositions embracing the enormous iron coffin and the eleven foot skeleton—in short] it may be justly said, that the race of the Dalecarlians has always been distinguished [not for length or size, but] for bravery, integrity, and loyalty."

In justice to the author, we ought to notice, that generally, when he tells a traveller's story, he offers corroboration of its veracity. For example, he gives us a long account of one Rachel Hertz, a Jewess, who was so bamboozled and confounded by Nelson's bombardment of Copenhagen, that she swallowed a case of needles in a mistake for a bit of pudding, or some other comestible. This dish, it appears, did not at all agree with her, and during a long fit of illness in consequence, 298 of the needles found their way out of their mortal case, from legs, shoulders, breast, lumbar* region, epigastrium, umbilicus, &c. &c. Now this might be thought incredible; but Mr. Wilson has imported half the cargo of needles into this country, (say 149 needles,) and as an additional proof, has printed in his appendix a letter from Miss Hertz to him in Latin, addressed, "*Viro Amplissimo Wilsonio*." O! The purport of this epistle is to seek information from our author—whose travels in Palestine he had made known to the Jewess—respecting Jerusalem; † it would have been more to the purpose had she inquired about the Isle of Wight—for there are The Needles.

We will adduce another sample of our *Viro Amplissimo*'s mode of supporting his facts by evidence. He mentions the crazy newspaper advertisement published by Gustavus, the ex-king of Sweden, inviting people to join him in a crusade, and very gravely states thereon—

"Although I do not know whether such an invitation was accepted of by any one, yet I think I can aver that the idea was abandoned on the part of Gustavus, since, in the course of my travels in the Holy Land, I never heard of his having set foot there."

This is wonderful; but the author's memory is equal to his acuteness. A post-house in Hogvatia reminds him of "the days of good Queen Bess;" and some herds under trees remind him "of those of old, in the peaceful valley of Bethlehem."

But it is time to finish this Review, which we fear will be deemed a great waste of printing and paper; indeed, we think it so ourselves, but do not like to condemn an emulous and

(as far as station in society goes, a) respectable author, without adducing sufficient grounds for our sentence. We will now conclude, and by our last extract, shew Mr. Wilson to be as exquisite a poet as he is an able logician, politician, astronomer, natural historian, economist, moralist, orator, traveller! The verse, which is most original, belongs to the "Majesty of Denmark" and the Danish navy—

"How blest that man who rules his band
With lenient, but steady hand,—
Where never cat-o'-nine-tails waves
O'er free-born persons, changed to slaves!
By mildness brings about reform,
And by example makes his crew
What flogging never yet could do;
Makes them obedient, temperate, mild,
Rules them as fathers rule a child,
The crew all honour, hold him dear!"

Upon the whole, we would say of this author, in his multifarious aspects, that in our opinion,
None but himself can be his parallel.

Denham's African Travels.

[Fifth notice.]

HAVING returned from his western excursion to Kouka, Major Denham relates here, and at other times, some remarkable particulars respecting that place. The law of Kouka is about as humane as the laws of England, whether criminal or civil.

"We had (says the author) a curious trial this morning before the sheikh, the result of which furnishes a singular proof of his simplicity and submission to the word of the Prophet. The circumstances were these: a Shouaa had stabbed a man the night before, upon some disagreement, and death was the consequence. The brother of the defunct demanded blood, and on application to the kadi, it came out in evidence that the Shouaa had desired the deceased to quit his door, three several times, if he had any faith in the Prophet; but he still continued to resist, and aggravate him, till at last he stabbed him in six places. The kadi's decision was, that upon so solemn a caution, the unfortunate man should have retired;—that his not doing so, was a proof that he had no faith in the Prophet; was a Kafir, and was the cause of his own death, and therefore that the murderer should not suffer punishment. The accuser, however, appealed to the sheikh, who told him, that, certainly, by God's law, communicated to the Prophet, and written in the *g'tab* (the book), an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and life for life, should be given—but recommended his taking a fine instead of blood. The sturdy Arab, however, was unmoved, and called loudly for justice; and the sheikh then said, he had the law in his own hands, and he might do as he pleased. The prisoner was then taken outside of the walls, and the brother of the deceased beat his brains out with an iron-headed club, which the Shouaas sometimes carry. * * *

"Two decisions of the sheikh lately had created a considerable emotion amongst the people. The slave of one man had been caught with the wife of another, a free man, and the injured husband demanded justice. The sheikh condemned both the man and the woman to be hanged side by side: the owner of the slave, however, remonstrated, and said that the decision, as far as respected the woman, was just; for she was always endeavouring to seduce his slave from his work, and that if he (the sheikh) condemned his slave to death, the man, whose wife was the cause of it, ought to give him the value of his slave, as he was poor: this the husband objected to. 'Ah!' exclaimed the sheikh, 'how often is a man

driven to his destruction by woman; yet of all his happiness, she is the root, or the branch.' He himself paid the value of the slave to the owner, and the next morning the guilty pair were suspended outside the walls."

"At our audience this morning we were detained for some time, while a case was decided in which several Kanemboos chiefs were charged with not having, on some former occasions, treated the sheikh's people with kindness. The disaffected sheikhs were buffeted even in the presence, by the Bornouese, taken out, and three of the worst of them strangled in the court-yard."

"While I was waiting in the palace, in consequence of this accident, a punishment took place, probably only equalled in severity by that of the knout in Russia, and which, as is often the case in that country, caused the death of the culprit before the morning. In this instance the unfortunate man had been found, by the spies of the kadi (who are always on the alert), slumbering in his amours, and was now to pay the penalty of his carelessness. In the middle of the day, during the Ramadan, he had been seen asleep in his hut, and the wife of another man (a merchant), who had been some time absent in Soudan, stretched by his side; they were therefore, without any hesitation, presumed guilty of having broken the Ramadan. He was sentenced to receive four hundred stripes, and his partner half that number. Her head was first shaved, her dress and ear-rings, arm-lets, leg-lets, &c. were given to the informer; she was taken up by four men, with only a cloth round her middle, by means of which she was suspended, in a manner not to be described, while a powerful negro inflicted the full number of lashes she was condemned to receive. This took place inside the court-yard of the palace: she was afterwards carried home senseless. The man received his punishment in the dender, or square, suspended in the same manner, but with eight men, instead of four, to support him: an immense whip, of one thick thong cut off from the skin of the hippopotamus, was first shewn to him, which he was obliged to kiss, and acknowledge the justness of his sentence. The fatal was then said aloud, and two powerful slaves of the sheikh inflicted the stripes, relieving each other every thirty or forty strokes: they strike on the back, while the end of the whip, which has a knob or head, winds round, and falls on the breast or upper stomach: this it is that renders these punishments fatal. After the first two hundred, blood flowed from him upwards and downwards, and in a few hours after he had taken the whole four hundred, he was a corpse. The agas, kashellas, and the kadis, attend on these occasions. I was assured the man did not breathe even a sigh audibly. Another punishment succeeded this, which, as it was for a minor offence, namely, stealing ten camels and selling them, was trifling, as they only gave him one hundred stripes, and with a far less terrific weapon. * * *

"The sheikh, whose unamiable trait was, as I have before observed, visiting the weaknesses of the female part of his subjects with too great severity, had, during my absence, given an order which would have disgraced the most absolute despot that ever sat on a throne; the gates of his town were kept shut at daylight one morning, and his emissaries despatched, who bound and brought before him sixty women who had a bad reputation; five were sentenced to be hanged in the public market,

* * * On these occasions the sheikh merely moves his finger, which is the signal for immediate execution."

* Query lumber?—Printer's Devil.

† It runs thus:—"Veniam mihi dedisti, Vir Amplissime! dum in nosocomio Regio Fridericano, tua presentia me honorasti, tibi pauca verba scribere, quomodo tibi aliquas quaestiones quae Hierosolymenses pertinent pronare audeo:—

"1. An magnum Judaeorum numerum Hierosolyma invenisti?

"2. Quales sunt mores eorum?

"3. Magnamne habent superstitionem?

"4. An ista in regione quemadmodum in Europae terris opprimuntur?

"5. Cerimonias religionis an multas habent?

"6. Studione literarum operam dant, an mercatorem solum faciunt et idcirco vitam in tenebris trahunt?

"7. Terram an colunt?

"Tibi vir Amplissime! summas agam gratias, si nil tibi molestum, quaestiones haec, quibus respondere nemo te praevalcat, solvas."

and four to be flogged; which latter punishment was inflicted with such severity, that two expired under the lash. Those who were doomed to death, after being dragged, with their heads shaved, round the market on a public day, with a rope round their necks, were then strangled, and thrown, by twos,* into a hole previously prepared, in the most barbarous manner. This diabolical act, for it deserves no better name, armed all tongues against him. The Bornouese, who are a humane and forgiving people, shuddered at so much cruelty: and so much influence had the ladies in general with their husbands, that more than a hundred families quitted Kouka, (to which place they were before daily flocking), to take up their abodes in other towns where this rigour did not exist. In Kouka, they declared there was no living, where only to be suspected was sufficient to be doomed to a cruel and ignominious death; and where malicious spies converted 'trifles light as air, into confirmation strong.' Those who remained, though the women of his particular attendants, refused flatly to scream him a welcome, and the procession passed through the streets in silence."

So much for the tender mercies of the laws of Bornou. The inhabitants of the islands in lake Tchad, against whom the sheikh undertook an expedition to repress their marauding and plundering, seem to be a bold and daring race, as the following extract may illustrate. During the rainy season at Kouka, Major Denham states,—

"I had been for some time waiting for a favourable day to accompany two or three Shouaas of Tirab to the Tchad, in search of buffalos: they went several times, and usually killed one, although I never could persuade them to bring me the head: some of the meat, and a piece of the skin, was all they would load their horses with for so many miles. Their manner of killing these animals is curious, and rather perilous—they chase them in the swamps, where they now feed, in preference to nearer the lake, and as their horses are trained so as to go quite close to them as they run, the rider is enabled to get his foot well fixed on the buffalo's back: with singular skill, he then strikes, just behind the animal's shoulder, one or two spears, if he can place them; pierced with these, the animal is able to run but a short distance, then, with the assistance of his companion, but frequently alone, he dismounts and despatches his prey: it sometimes happens, that the buffalo, by quickly turning his head before they strike, oversets both horse and rider. A Shouaa friend of mine had his horse completely ripped open, and killed on the spot, only a few days since, by the sudden twist which the animal gave his head, catching the horse with his pointed horn. Yesterday I was again disappointed, from the badness of the weather: three Shouaas went, and narrowly escaped being caught by the Biddomahs—as two hundred boats made their appearance at different places on the banks of the Tchad, carrying from ten to fifteen men each, and the sportsmen were very nearly caught by the crews of two that came near the town of Koua. News came in this morning that they had carried off upwards of thirty persons from the neighbourhood of Woodie, and amongst them the nephew of the *sheikh-el-blad* (governor of the town). On these occasions, when any person of rank gets into their hands, they demand a ransom of from two to three thousand

* How do they manage in Bornou to throw five persons by two into a hole?

bullocks, or a proportionate number of slaves. No sultan has any power over these islanders; they will pay no tribute to any one, nor submit to any prescribed government: some of them lately paid a visit to the sheikh, and although they brought him only a few slaves that they had stolen from the Bergharmi side of the water, yet he received them kindly, and gave them fine robes and red caps. Their visit was principally to see if the reports of the sheikh's power were true; but notwithstanding their kind reception, on returning they carried off three girls from within ten miles of Kouka. These islands lie on the eastern side of the Tchad, and on embarking from the west, they described the voyage as five days of open sea previous to arriving at the islands, which are numerous; the two largest are named Koorie and Sayah. They have a language of their own, although resembling that of Kanem. Their arms are spears and shields, and they fight with every body around them, Waday, Begharmi, and Bornou. They believe in a divine power, which rules every thing, but are not Mussulmans. They have a strong arm, they say, and a cunning head, instead of a large country, and much cattle; therefore they must take from those who are richer than themselves. The Bornou people say, 'the waters are theirs; what can we do?' It is said they have nearly one thousand large canoes. They are not a sanguinary or cruel people; and when prisoners are taken in battle and wounded, they do not kill, but cure them; and if no ransom is offered, they give them wives, and they remain as free as themselves."

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

My Early Days. 18mo. pp. 160. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd.

DONE for juniors on the model of the clever school which hath delighted in *Adam Blair*, *Margaret Lindsay*, &c., and a publication displaying talents far above its humble pretensions in bulk and manner. At first we thought that the children were too much men, and that this must be in the Modern Athens, since no useful lesson can be taught where a pedagogue tries to be a child of six, or a youth of fourteen years old; but when the narrative proceeds to adolescence and maturity, this is really one of the best little volumes of its class which we have ever met with.

"The Spread of Knowledge," and "the March of Intellect!"

Nobody knows how knowledge is spreading, nor can he who runs read how intellect is marching. There are, notwithstanding, some wonderful (really instructive and pleasant) periodicals published at small prices every three or four days. We used to see them all, but are now overwhelmed by, and obliged to yield to numbers. During the last ten days a great variety have been sent to us. The *Mechanic's Magazine* contains a most valuable treatise, to shew how long it would have cost Archimedes to move the world an inch, even supposing he had got the fulcrum he cried for! and it is satisfactorily proved, that he could not have stirred it so much in less than 151,184,062 years!! *Quære*, how long would it have taken him to lift it a quarter of a nail out of its position?

The *Register of Arts and Sciences* describes a country where the rivers abound in fish (sturgeon), of which the inhabitants do not know the use! The worthy philosopher-philanthropist, therefore, seeks information as to the

process of making isinglass from these neglected sturgeons: (the sturgeons are much obliged to him.)

The *Mirror* states, that a considerable town (Haverford West) has no manufactory "of any consequence except paper, for which there is one mill."

Another valuable discovery is made by Dr. Blundell at Guy's Hospital. Hitherto husbands and wives have been only "bone of each other's bone, and flesh of their flesh;" but the medical art has now gone beyond the clerical junction, and made a man's wife blood of his blood. A poor fellow had his veins exhausted, it seems; and to fill them again, the doctor lanced the arm of his wife, a healthy female of twenty-five years of age; and out of her sanguine fluid re-invigorated her expiring spouse. The happy pair, as the newspapers would say of a marriage, set off (arm in arm) to spend the honey-moon—not in Guy's Hospital.

A new periodical, called *The Ass*, has been going on these three weeks: it is seldom that proper names are so properly bestowed, by writers who are their own godfathers. There is, nevertheless, some humour in *The Ass*; but if it wishes to succeed, it must avoid indecency.

Another novelty is *The Brazen Head*, quasi *Face*; but there is no brass about its first phase. On the contrary, it is a gentle, gentlemanlike production, who you might brain with a lady's fan. We have no doubt it will improve; and, at all events, must wish well to a contemporary who sets out in a style not unbecoming to persons of education and right feelings. Such publications ought to beat the blackguardism of the press out of the field; and indeed the latter have no success.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 27th April.

THE readers of the *Literary Gazette* are already informed of the editions of Voltaire, Rousseau, Molière, and La Fontaine, in one volume each. Messrs. Galignani have added to the list Lord Byron's works complete, including the parliamentary speeches and suppressed poems of the author, a portrait and fac-simile of a letter of Lord B.—all for one pound! The typographic execution is in the good style of M. Jules Didot, and the type, though small, is clear and distinct. As the letter has never been published, I copy it. Mr. G. had announced the publication of the *Vampire*, by Lord Byron, when his lordship wrote him the following:—

Venice, April 27th, 1819.

SIR,—In various Numbers of your Journal I have seen mentioned a work entitled the *Vampire*, with the addition of my name as that of the author. I am not the author, and never heard of the work in question until now. In a more recent paper I perceive a formal announcement of the *Vampire*, with the addition of "an account of my residence in the Island of Mytilene;" an island I have occasionally sailed by in the course of travelling some years ago through the Levant, and where I should have no objection to reside, but where I have never yet resided. Neither of these performances are mine; and I presume that it is neither unjust nor ungracious to request that you will favour me by contradicting the advertisement to which I allude. If the book is clever, it would be base to deprive the real writer, whoever he may be, of his honours; and if stupid, I desire the responsibility of nobody's dullness but my own. You will excuse the trouble I

give you: the imputation is of no great importance; and as long as it was confined to surmises and reports, I should have received it, as I have received many others, in silence. But the formality of a public advertisement of a book I never wrote, and a residence where I never resided, is a little too much, particularly as I have no notion of the contents of the one, nor of the incidents of the other. I have, besides, a personal dislike to "vampires;" and the little acquaintance I have with them would by no means induce me to divulge their secrets. You did me a much less injury by your paragraphs about my "devotion," and my "my abandonment of society for the sake of religion," which appeared in your *Messenger* during last Lent; all of which are not founded on fact: but you see I do not contradict them, because they are merely personal, whereas the others in some degree concern the reader.

You will oblige me by complying with my request of contradiction. I assure you that I know nothing of the work or works in question; and have the honour to be (as the correspondents to magazines say) your constant reader and very

Obedient humble servant,

BYRON.

To the Editor of *Galignani's Messenger*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR MAY.

THOSE brilliant constellations which distinguish the winter evenings are fast retreating, though we still catch a faint glimmering of Sirius, Taurus, and Orion, as they decline in the west, and are gradually lost in the superior effulgence of the solar beams. Spring now invites us to combine with our astronomical recreations an attention to those beauties of the vegetable kingdom, which this delightful season of the year pours forth from its treasures to clothe the face of the earth; and as the gentle twilight steals upon our flowery path, we alternately admire the clustering hyacinth and the retreating *Pleiades*. We turn from the tufted primrose, and greet the advancing *Arcturus*: we hail the opening bud of the rose, and the bright star *Spica*, in the hand of the Virgin. The soft azure of the evening sky reminds us of the tender violet, whose fragrance indicates its lowly bed. We turn from contemplating the motions of the planetary train, and perceive the same power manifested in the germination of a seed and the unfolding of a flower, as in the rolling of an orb, or the support of a system.

Beneath thy all-directing nod,
Both worlds and worms are equal, God!
Thy hand the comet's orbit drew,
And lighted yonder glow-worm too;
Thou didst the dome of heaven build up,
And form'dst you cowslip's glittering cup.

And it is only those who are acquainted with astronomy that can truly appreciate the beautiful variety of the seasons, which is as constant and certain as the cause of that variety—the Sun's declination, or the inclination and parallelism of the Earth's axis. The astronomer sees in the comparative positions of the axes of the planets, an order and arrangement indicating the highest wisdom; and though he beholds with awe that combination of force

"That ever busy wheels the silent spheres,"—

yet softer sensations pervade his soul, as he sees beneficence so delightfully displayed in inclining the axis of a *nearer* planet to the plane of its annual course, and placing that of a *remote* one perpendicular. If the axis of the planet Jupiter were posited as is our Earth's

for six years, or half his revolution, his poles would be alternately involved in darkness: and if the axis of our Earth were perpendicular to its orbit, there would be no variety of seasons, and the greater portion of its surface would be entirely depopulated. It has been the opinion of some philosophers that the axis of our Earth was once differently inclined to what it is now: Milton thus refers to it in his immortal poem:—

"Some say he bid his angels turn askance
The poles of Earth, twice ten degrees and more
From the Sun's axle: they, with labour, pushed
Oblique the central globe."

The Sun enters Gemini 21st day, 4 hours, 8 minutes, and rises on the

1st day, 4 hrs. 37 min. Sets, 7 hrs. 23 min.
31 3 54 8 6

24th day, an eclipse of the Moon, invisible to the British isles, the Moon not rising till the eclipse is over. It begins 1 h. 35' 30", and terminates 5 hrs. 2'. Digits eclipsed, 17' 23"

The Moon will be in conjunction with Mercury . 5 2 30
Venus . . . 7 23 40
Saturn . . . 9 12 0
Jupiter . . . 15 8 0
Mars . . . 19 18 0

7th day, Mercury stationary. 22d day, greatest elongation, and visible as a morning star.

Venus will be in conjunction with A R 6 16
2 8 10 17
Saturn 24 14
132 8 26 13

These conjunctions will be rendered interesting by this beautiful planet being now, and increasingly so, the brilliant ornament of the summer evenings.

4th day 19 hours, Mars was in opposition, or on the meridian at midnight, and doubtless an object of considerable attention in both the northern and southern hemispheres to those engaged in astronomical calculations.

1st day, Jupiter was stationary; 26th day 20' 45", will be in quadrature. The eclipses and configurations of the satellites of this planet are always interesting, and the position of the primary is now very favourable for the telescope. We subjoin the emersions of the first satellite that will be visible.

Day.	Hour.	Min.	Sec.
1	4	51	18
8	10	45	53
15	12	40	29
24	9	3	48
31	10	58	28

The most remarkable configurations after the 1st, will occur on the 8th and 24th days respectively at 9 hours.

23d day 13 hours, Saturn in conjunction with the star at the extremity of the southern horn of the Bull. 24th day 14 hours, with Venus.

Uranus is: advancing to a favourable position for observation. J. T. B.

Deptford.

ZOOLOGICAL, OR NOAH'S ARK SOCIETY.

A PUBLIC meeting took place on Saturday last, at the rooms of the Horticultural Society, at which about a hundred persons were present. Sir Stamford Raffles was called to the chair, and read an address recommending the formation of a society, the object of which should be to import new birds, beasts, and fishes, into this country from foreign parts. The Regent's Park is to be head quarters; though, if the subscriptions amount to a sufficient sum, it is hoped that strange reptiles may be propagated all over the kingdom. But there is neither wisdom nor folly new under the sun. Worthy Dr. Plot informs us, in his *History of Oxfordshire*, that King Henry the First en-

closed the park at *Wudestoe* "with a wall, though not for deer, but all foreign wild beasts, such as lions, leopards, camels, &c., which he procured abroad of other princes; amongst which, more particularly, says *William of Malmesbury*, he kept a porcupine, *hippidis setis coopertam, quas in canes insectantes naturaliter emittunt*, i. e. covered over with sharp-pointed quills, which they naturally shoot at the dogs that hunt them." This is the first British National Menagerie that we have read of: the Romans were much addicted to wild beast shows. Considering the advanced state of knowledge, it is to be expected, that the new Zoological Association will beat both the Romans and King Henry, in spite of his porcupine; though we do not know how the inhabitants of the Regent's Park will like the lions, leopards, and linxes, so near their neighbourhood.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

THE Society held its General Anniversary Meeting on Thursday the 20th ult. in Parliament Street. The statements in the Secretary's Report of the Society's proceedings during the last year, (with which the business of the meeting commenced,) in regard to the increase of the Society, and the consequent growth of its means, and to the valuable communications which had been read at its Ordinary Meetings, were highly satisfactory to the friends of the institution: we particularly include, as deserving that character, the successful commencement of the Building Fund,* the completion of which will enable the Society to accommodate itself with a permanent habitation, proportioned to its wants and its importance, and to the liberality of the Sovereign, by whom it is endowed.

The Report was followed by the President's address. In a part of it which related to the subject of literary discovery, his lordship (the Bishop of Salisbury) adverted at large to the lately-published work attributed to Milton. The arguments which he adduced against its authenticity were ingenious and powerful; and the evident consequence of arresting the reception of opinions so much at variance, as those contained in the *Treatise upon Christian Doctrine*, with the known principles of Milton, under the authority of his venerated name, to which, it is contended, they are not entitled, will, we trust, prevail with the President of the Society to publish the address.†

The Annual Medals.

BESIDES a thousand guineas a year which his Majesty munificently grants to this Institution for the gift of one hundred guineas each to ten Royal Associates, the public are aware that another hundred guineas proceeds annually from his princely bounty for two beautiful golden medals to be presented to two distin-

* This fund is a voluntary subscription to be expended in the erection of a suitable house for the meetings, &c. of the Society; and though as yet only made known to the council, and the members who have occasionally attended the ordinary meetings during the last two months, above seventeen hundred pounds (one-half of the whole amount wanted) have been subscribed by about thirty individuals. The King, continuing ardently to promote the useful and important institution which has founded, has ordered the ground to be provided in the New Square a Charing-cross; and Mr. Nash (who is upon the council) has taken great pains to forward the wishes of his royal master in this matter.

† A strong corroboration of his Lordship's opinion against the authenticity of the work ascribed to Milton, has, we learn, been very recently found in the State Paper office (where the first MS. was discovered): this is an autograph letter of Milton's, in which he recommends Andrew Marvel to be associated in his office: the difference between which, and the copy of *The Treatise*, is very conclusive.

guished literary characters, as a testimony of respect and admiration for their labours. On the present occasion these were voted by the council to *Dugald Stewart*, late Professor of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh, an author of eminent abilities,—and to Professor *John Schweighäuser*, of Strasburg, whose editions of Appian, Polybius, Athenæus, Herodotus, &c. &c., prove him to be one of the most learned classical scholars and acute critics in Europe. Both these individuals are far advanced in years; and the appropriation of this year's medals to them must, we think, be very satisfactory to the literary world, and shew that the affairs of the Royal Society of Literature are administered in a most candid, able, and impartial manner.

LITERARY FUND ANNIVERSARY.

Of all the charitable institutions which do honour to Britain, not one claims from us so warm a recommendation, nor from the country at large so cordial a support, as that whose object is the relief of *Literary Distress*. The number of those Unfortunates who come within the pale of its succours is at all times too great; and recent circumstances have added much to the list of sufferers. We have to remember, also, that it is not in Literature as in the Arts or Commerce, that the inferior grades, in general, furnish forth the individuals who need our compassion and benevolence. On the contrary, while the light and amusing writer, the novelist, the periodical essayist or critic, may receive sufficient recompense to enable them to live in comfort if not in affluence,—the exalted poet, the man of profound learning, the laborious antiquary, the deep investigating philosopher, are not unlikely to be plunged into misery by the pursuit of inquiries which, however beneficial to mankind, produce not marketable commodities for the taste and encouragement of the public. Very many such, we know, have come to this Society for relief; and have been promptly and twice blessedly relieved. The widows, too, and orphans of authors who have delighted the world, but have been snatched from it, without being able to make a provision for those so dear to them, are the constant cares of this well-administered Fund. We might further state, from personal observation, that none but those who absolutely witness the extent of wretchedness which is soothed and succoured by the Literary Fund, could credit the amount of happiness which may be diffused by the judicious application of perhaps not more than a thousand pounds in a whole year. Need we invite every friend to Literature,—to that wide-spreading tree which is now throwing out its branches and dropping its fruits over all the land,—to come forward in aid of this Charity? we are sure we need not; for it has an obvious, a strong and sensible claim, not only upon them, but upon every humane heart.

OXFORD, April 29.—On Monday last the Lord Bishop of London was elected Visitor of Balliol College, by the Master and Fellows of that Society.

On Thursday last the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. P. Ewart, Christ Church, Grand Compounder; E. Field, Michel Fellow of Queen's College; Rev. W. Brownlow, Pembroke College; H. M. Boulton, Merton College.

Bachelors of Arts.—F. A. Faber, C. W. Faber, Scholars of University College; E. Girdlestone, Scholar, A. Maister, Balliol College; R. A. Cox, Merton College; R. Durnford, Demy of Magdalen College; W. Burgess, Pembroke College; J. Clutton, Worcester College; J. Downall, Magdalen Hall.

On the same day, in full convocation, the degree of Master of Arts, by diploma, was conferred on the Rev. Joseph Blanco White, “in consideration of his eminent talents and learning, and of his exemplary conduct during his residence in Oxford; but more especially on account of those able and well-timed publications by which he has powerfully exposed the errors and corruptions of the Church of Rome.”

CAMBRIDGE, April 28.—At a congregation on Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. H. Howarth, Fellow, R. L. Trafford, St. John's College; Rev. H. Norman, Catherine Hall.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. W. Long, St. John's College, Compounder.

Bachelors of Arts.—T. Stevens, St. John's College; J. T. Campbell, Queen's College.

FINE ARTS.

Artists' Fund.

TO-DAY the Chancellor of the Exchequer presides at the seventeenth anniversary of the Artists' Widows and Orphans Fund. We noticed the Benevolent Fund in our last with due commendations of its fine and charitable purposes; yet we do not the less give our sincere support to this brother Institution, which not only seeks for benevolent support, but makes it a distinguishing feature that artists should, in their summer of prosperity, think of laying aside some provision for (should it ever unhappily arrive) the winter of adversity. Men who do something for themselves are generally the best entitled to the assistance of others: and we highly approve of this part of the plan, which we doubt not will contribute to render this meeting what every assemblage in Britain ought to be which looks to the relief of the distress of artists, or to the promotion of the Fine Arts,—a meeting of rank, wealth, talent, and liberality.

Royal Academy.

THE fifty-eighth Exhibition of the Royal Academy opened on Monday, and, as far as we have been able to discover, in the midst of very crowded and not over well-bred* assemblages, is as like as may be to the fifty-first or the fifty-seventh, only that it happens to be inferior to the last. We were of opinion in May 1825, that there was a real advance in art—it was the best Exhibition, take it all in all, that we had seen; but when we look over the same walls this year, furnished by the same hands, we are forced to confess that it was a mere accident, and that the art is more stationary than we had hoped it was. Something like the national prosperity and the money-abundance—it was *couleur de rose*, and there was little soundness in either. But while we say this, we are neither inclined to doubt of the nation's true vigour nor of the fair standing of our school of painting and sculpture. We are merely dashed in our hopes that the one was too high for change or trouble to reach, and that the other had taken a step of improve-

* The medley crowd at Somerset House is, generally speaking, less civilised than at any other place of entertainment, except at the minor theatres or galleries elsewhere. No doubt there are many persons of good manners and polite behaviour; but there are always enough of another description to prevent visitors from getting any reasonable view of the pictures, and to push about in a way too rude for the wet weather common to May and June. A very slight attention to method in going round the rooms, and not occupying any single frame above an hour at a time, would tend greatly to the general convenience and comfort. It would also be well to make a law of the Academy, that no artist *what-ever* should go within four yards of his own work, under any pretence, upon pain of being unhung and turned out.

ment so firm as not to retrograde. The country will, in all probability, be in a better, though not in so inflated a situation, a twelve-months' hence than it was before; but we have been taught to know that to maintain our old ground in the arts will be no bad thing, and that to calculate on any decided and rapid strides in them, at this period, is a vain and idle speculation.

In Somerset House we see no difference except (pardon the bull) that some artists are exactly what they have been for years; that some fall below and others rise above their preceding works; and that upon the whole the Exhibition might be of 1816 or 1836, without provoking or deserving a comment.—We shall probably enter into some details hereafter.

Exhibition of Paintings in Water Colours.

165. *Rubens and the Alchemist*. J. Stephenoff.—Equal in its finish and brilliancy to the most laboured production of any school—in its colouring rich and forcible—and in its effect not inferior to the power of oil painting. Beyond which, the artist has given an interest to a plain tale, and enriched it with circumstance and accessories at once appropriate and picturesque—recalling to our minds the highly decorative and ornamental furniture of Rubens' times. But possessing this blaze of excellence, we are led to wonder that it should have escaped Mr. S., or such of his friends as must have seen the performance ere it was sent to the Exhibition, that his introduction of the celebrated picture of the *Taking down from the Cross*, partakes too much of the realities by which it is surrounded. There is little difference between the painting and the living characters: the *Saviour on the Cross* and our worthy friend *Peter Cox* (apparently) as the *Alchemist*, are alike prominent. This is certainly a blemish, and must, we think, now be obvious to the artist himself.

In 277, *Feramorz relating the Story of a Peri to the Princess Lalla Rookh*, &c. In this the same artist has embodied all that the most vivid imagination can conceive of Arabian splendour in conjunction with more of grace and beauty than we almost ever remember to have seen exhibited in any picture of the kind.

136. *Loch Coruisk, and the Cuchulin Mountains, in the Isle of Sky*. G. F. Robson.—A scene of more sublime desolation could hardly have been given to the eye, or more happily executed by the hand of the artist, than that which is here depicted for the contemplation of the admirers of Nature in her awful grandeur: but we can add nothing by remarks on the performance—the appropriate quotation, from the pen of Sir Walter Scott, has done all that description can effect. There is a feature in this scene of wild sublimity, which Mr. Robson has happily introduced, that of an eagle on a rock in the foreground, whose loneliness, and comparatively diminished size, adds not only to the wildness of the scene, but supplies a fine scale by which to measure its vastness and magnitude.

195. *Plymouth Sound*, &c.—Copley Fielding.—This combination of coast scenery presents one of the fairest examples of the artist's versatile talents; and he appears to us to have managed the representation of waves in motion with a success equal to some of the greatest masters who have excelled in this class of painting. It is not, however, by selecting any single example that we can do justice to Mr. Fielding's abilities, as they are displayed in the present Exhibition.

His varied effects of calm and storm, of cloud and sunshine, (of which 101 and 121, among others, are sufficient proofs,) all tend to shew that he has this season been one of the fortunate painters who have excelled their former productions.

83. *Pirates' Isle*. D. Cox.—Is a clever composition, with a Salvator-like character in its form, and an appropriate style of execution.

26. *A Partridge*. Miss Byrne.—Under this simple title, we have one of the most beautifully executed works of art in the class of still life, and in 38, *Grapes and Roses*, a repetition of similar excellence.

Picture Sale at Mr. Christie's.

DURING the last two or three days a very superior exhibition of pictures has adorned the walls of Mr. Christie's rooms in King Street: the collection is for sale this day; so that our notice is in time to be of service to such of our readers as may have missed the opportunity of seeing these works.

One portion of the gallery consists of Italian, Flemish, and Dutch paintings, formerly in the well-known collection of Mr. Walsh Porter: among others, one of A. del Sarto's best pictures, a Holy Family; a superb Rubens, in which he has represented himself as Saint George, his three Wives, the Virgin, St. Jerome, &c.; a fine Claude; the Adoration of the Kings, and Ariadne in Naxos, a bacchanalian piece, by Titian; besides several other capital works.

Another portion is of the Dutch and Flemish schools, belonging to a connoisseur, whose name we have forgotten, but whose pictures we could not readily forget, for they boast among their number (23) of some very admirable specimens of Terborg, Wouvermans, Teniers, Is. Ostade, Ruysdael, Both, G. Dow, Maas, C. Bega, &c. A Female falling asleep, by Bega, surpasses any idea we had of his powers, and is mellow and delicate to a high degree. A Chateau, by Greffier, is another extraordinary example of a master little known to us, and combines many beauties in a very peculiar scene. Carl de Moor, a Sick Chamber, is also a select thing by that artist. The Terborg is above all praise.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE FROZEN STREAM.

THE bitter wind blows loud and keen,
Dark clouds obscure the sky,
And scattered o'er the cheerless scene,
How deep the snow-drifts lie!
The streamlet—by whose flowery shore
So often I have stray'd—
Now leads its sparkling waves no more
Across that flowery glade.
For see, stern Winter's numbing hand
Has, with resistless force,
Confined it in an icy band,
And checked its silver course.
Once e'en the slightest Zephyr's breath
Could move it as it past—
And now it lies as still as death
Beneath the sweeping blast.
Now fearlessly from brink to brink
Youth's sportive footsteps glide—
How little do they seem to think
Death lurks beneath the tide!—
'Tis thus that tear-drops cease to flow,
And bosoms cease to heave—
When, deeply struck by hopeless woe,
The proud heart scorns to grieve.
The stranger's eye perchance might deem
That heart to care unknown;
For like thy depths—cold, silent Stream—
Its secrets are its own!

Rosa.

IRREGULAR STANZAS.

HAD I been born on a servile shore,
I might have tamed my spirit more;
The spell of a despot might have hung
On the dreams I dreamt and the songs I sung.
But I have look'd from the white rock's brink,
And have thought as if I dared to think,
For freemen are round me as I stand
With my own harp, in my own land.
Oh! should I ever live to be
On the sunlit plains of Italy,
I would walk as they walk beside the dead,
With voiceless lips and a soundless tread!
I would not enter the lordly hall,
I would not gaze on the pictured wall,
I would not join in the riotous glee,—
Her ruins should make my company.
Alas! for the land of the Poet's might!
They wed her to Pleasure, cold and light;
But Glory was her ancient spouse,
And her heart remembers its early vows.
Alas, for the land—saddest of all!
They weave her a bridal coronal;
Her hard task-masters would make her shew
A brow of smiles with a soul of woe!
Let her rise by the spells of Dante's mind,
Let her cast her gauges of shame behind,—
Yea, let her mount the widow's pyre,
And, clasping the urn of Glory, expire.
Erewhile a voice did my spirit meet,
When Naples spoke from her marble street;
Before she crouch'd in the dust again,
And the slave went back to his broken chain.
Away, away! my harp and I
Part from the land of Italy:
Say not its chords too wildly moan—
Say not I should have still'd their tone.
My soul, my soul, is the harp I bear!
Let its strings break ere silence be there:
The hand of Freedom, with passionate thrill,
Shall waken its chords to what tune she will!

E. B. B.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

PAUL PRY ON HIS TRAVELS.—Letter V.

WHEN I inclined to swear, I would say, Mr. Pratt the trunkmaker, and the locksmiths of Walsal, be—but no, I won't swear about it; yet such was my anger, that until now I could never calmly sit down to narrate my misfortune. My fellow-traveller (who purchased, at the same time with myself, after obtaining our passports, a trunk similar to mine)—I say my fellow-traveller, Mrs. Sly's trunk and mine were changed at the Custom-house: she set off for Holland, and I for Paris, without having any idea of the matter; and it was only when we severally arrived at Paris and Amsterdam, that she found out it was her lot to wear the breeches, and I, that I had every thing necessary to qualify me for the distaff. This comes of making trunks alike, and one key opening all the different wards, which, if I had rightly considered the matter, was no doubt the reason why the word *patent* was stamped on the lock. Now, as Sir Boyle Roche used to say, single misfortunes never come alone. Mrs. Sly wrote me a trimming letter from Amsterdam, accusing me of "doing the thing intentionally, on purpose to pry into the contents of her trunk," which, 'pon honour, is false. Her petticoats were of no more use to me than my *roles*, as the French call them, to her: to be sure as it was to be, and was no doubt written in the book of fate at the beginning of the world, that it was to happen at that very time; it was predestined, too, that

I should thereby get more than a peep into Mrs. Sly's affairs, and be convinced of the possibility of eating hay out of two racks at once—of being paid by the French Consular Police for writing against England, and by our Government at home for *news* from France: the late Dr. Gregory had already told me the fact, and belief now became knowledge.—Well, as I said just now, single misfortunes never come alone; I was obliged to have recourse to a marchand tailleur, and who turned out to be as great a lover of cabbage as any of his confrères; he literally put me in a straight waistcoat, and, what was worse, insisted that it was proper, and just the thing for me. I refused to take the clothes—he refused to take them back—and on my saying I would not pay for them, he said he would send me an *assignation*. "Z—ds!" said I to myself, "this man fancies I am a minister of state, and is going to send his wife to me, to see what effect a pair of pretty eyes can produce on me." I went to the Palais Royal, and got rigged out at a ready-made shop, and waited somewhat impatiently for Mrs. Snip's arrival. Two days after, the waiter came up: "Sir, here's an assignation for you." *Diable!* thought I to myself, a woman makes an assignation in France through the waiter! Pooh! I thought they knew better that secrecy and mystery, ninety-nine times out of an hundred, form all the charms of an assignation. He put a paper into my hand, when I found, to my mortification, that the French call a summons an *assignation*—a proof that they are just as learned as the two Savoyards, who looking at the Porte St. Denis, one asked the other what *Ludovico Magno* meant. "*T'es bête*," replied the other; "what can it mean but the *Gate of St. Denis*?"

Were I to go on chronologically, I should here give an account of some of my son Paul's adventures in this great Pandemonium; but, as I love to be quite correct, I shall go on with my own. The summons, or assignation, call it which you will, was to appear before the Juge de Paix on the following Friday; and though he who pleads his own cause has a fool for his client, strong in the justice of mine, I resolved to defend myself. The court is a large room on the ground floor, with a partition: in the outer part, benches are placed round the sides, with a circular bench in the middle. The room was filled with people, principally of the lower orders. After waiting a full hour, breathing an infected atmosphere, in which garlic was the predominant scent, the names of all the plaintiffs and defendants were called over, when each answered to his name. The judge, after deciding several private causes in his cabinet, took his seat with the huissiers and secretaries at their desks. As my cause was called over one of the last, I heard many decisions for wages; when I found that, in France, the servant's word goes for nothing; the master has no occasion to take any receipt from a servant, and he has only to hold up his hand, and declare that he owes him nothing, and the servant has no redress. This very case was decided in my presence: the master left the court followed by his late servant muttering horrible things. I followed them out, when the servant said, "Sir, you have cheated me of my due; am I any longer in your service?" "Certainly not." "Then, sir, allow me to remind you, that the first article of the constitutional charter declares 'all Frenchmen to be equal in the eye of the law, whatever may be their ranks and titles.' I am, therefore, your equal, and I offer you satisfaction either with sword or pistol." I could not but smile at the

pretensions of the Knight of the Rainbow, whom his master treated with ineffable contempt; which so enraged him, that he exclaimed, "Pull off your coat! pull off your coat! you know I too much respect the decorations you wear to strike you while you have them on your person; but put them off, and I will box you, and shew you that I am as good a man as you." This, too, being declined, and the master getting into his carriage, I returned to the court.

A little dapper fellow, with a carrotty wig, was in close confab with my tailor; he had the Code Napoleon, or, as it is called, the Five Codes, in his hand—sought for different articles, pointed them out to the tailor, who seemed to be quite elated.

I could not help reflecting here on the difference between France and England. In France a man can carry "the statutes at large" (the five codes) in his waistcoat pocket, while a wagon drawn by eight horses could not drag the library necessary for an English lawyer.

The cause of the Baron de S*** was called on; the plaintiff in this happened also to be my tailor. He demanded payment for the making of two suits of livery. The defendant was asked why he refused to pay? He replied, that the prices were too high, and instead of 95 francs, he had offered 50. The tradesman appealed to the judge, whether an honest man, and a tailor, ought to be insulted by such an offer; he added, *foi d'honnête homme*, I have put the prices at the very lowest. The judge seemed inclined to decide in his favour, when the baron handed him a paper, which turned out to be a bill delivered by the tailor when the things were taken home. This bill amounted to only 60 francs. Master Snip looked blue, and while he was studying what defence to make to this unexpected charge, the judge postponed his decision to that day week, when he was ordered to produce his books.

My case at length came on, and from what I saw, I augured badly for its success. The little dapper fellow was, I find, employed as counsel for Plaintiff. The charge being made, I was asked why I would not pay? "Because the things are too small, and I cannot wear them." "Is it so?" said the judge. "Sir," said the carrotty advocate, "I must explain this: the gentleman was measured with all that care and skill for which my client is celebrated. His customer had just arrived from England: the sea sickness and the journey had, no doubt, thinned him; in fact, sir, he resembled this picture, lean as an *echalas* (a vine prop); but, sir, when he got to Paris, the good things of the Palais Royal had such an effect on him, that he became fat as an ox, and resembling this (shewing a picture of an Englishman returning from France, wheeling his belly on a barrow—the former picture resembling him when he landed at Calais); look at his rubicund face. If he gets fat, out of all proportion, while his clothes are making for him, it is not my client's fault: had he been an honest man, he would have told my client how he intended to live, and where he intended to dine while his garments were stitching, and we should then have allowed for the increased bulk. It is not the first time, sir, that my client has been so deceived; and now, in taking measure of an Englishman, he is obliged to ask how long he has been in France, and where he lives? If it be in a *pension bourgeoise* or at a *restaurant*, at 32 sous, it is sure to be a fit; but if he announces that he dines at Robert's, the Rocher de Cancale, the Frères Provençaux, or Very's, we are obliged to allow six inches for *embonpoint*, and sometimes even

that will not do." He made out his case with so much good humour, and made so many appeals to my good looks, that he gained his cause:—*ergo*, I lost mine.

MUSIC.

THE CONCERTS.

THE third Academic Concert, on the 24th of April, and the fifth Philharmonic, on Monday last, were both distinguished by the instrumental part of the performance, and were both made particularly interesting by the first and second appearance of a Mons. de Beriot, as great a violin player as has, perhaps, ever been heard. He is Violon de la Chambre de S. M. le Roi de France; and, just as if he had been always confined to that Chambre, has never been heard of in this country. The unanimous opinion of the best judges, in both concerts, was, that they never witnessed a performance so finished, and in so classical a style. His *sureness* in the most rapid passages is truly wonderful, and every note, even the highest, is a *legitimate* one,—the meaning of which, we trust, will be understood without any personal allusion.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

FOR some months past the newspapers, particularly such of them as abound in *chit-chat*, have announced an opera to have been in preparation at this theatre, which was destined to surpass all that had ever gone before it, and all that was likely to come after it. One day we were told that Mr. Bishop had been more than a year fully occupied, and was yet far from having completed his task. At another time, we read facetiously enough, that Bishop's new opera "smelt of the Lamp." Some days after this, we learnt that many of the best judges, who had been admitted to a private hearing of certain portions of it, had pronounced it to be a *chef d'œuvre*—that Weber was sick with vexation and a sore throat, produced by these favourable reports; and, finally, that, ill as he was, he had written to Bishop begging permission to be present at the first representation of his far-famed opera. After these, and various other puffs, such as mysterious hints from some of the "Dangles" of the theatre, that the music was, indeed, fascinating; and insinuations from members of the managing committee, that the whole arrangements of the business were unique,—the affair was brought to an issue on Saturday last by its first public performance. The "free list," the exclusion of which upon all important occasions seems to be established as a *sine quâ non*, was now of course "suspended;" and Spring announced, *ex cathedra*, that not a place was to be procured for "love or money." The house was well filled, though not to an overflow as had been anticipated. The overture was encored, and the curtain drawn up, when lo! and behold! because the opera was only a tolerably good one, and things did not equal the absurd and injudiciously raised expectations of the audience, they shortly became tired or indifferent; and after four hours and a half (a melancholy time 'tis true) went away thoroughly sulky and disappointed. That *Aladdin* may be considered as a failure there can be little doubt; but its want of success may partly, we think, be attributed to the over-officious zeal of the would-be-friends of the composer; and partly to the fact, that instead of looking at its own intrinsic merits, the public have compared it with other more successful efforts which have preceded it. The subject, which is familiar to

readers of all ages and descriptions—from the Nursery Tales to the Archeologia, is particularly well adapted to musical illustration; and to many of the situations Mr. Bishop has done ample justice. Miss Stephens's first song, "*Are you angry, Mother? no!*" is a beautiful little air, and will find its way into every drawing-room and boudoir in the kingdom. There is also another song, of a plaintive character, entrusted to her, which may be called pretty—a duet between herself and niece also pretty—a song by Miss Johnson, which was encored—a "scena" by Horn—and a concerted piece in the second act, all of which were greatly applauded.

Notwithstanding, however, the good quality of these several pieces, there is nothing in the way of a single song equal to his "*Bid me Discourse*," or in the duets to his "*Tell me where is fancy bred*," or in the concerted pieces to his "*Though and Cross*." Miss Stephens enacted the hero of the drama: she executed the songs most charmingly, and played the early scenes with archness and naïveté, and the latter with taste and feeling. Miss Johnson, her niece, made her first appearance in public as *Aladdin's* bride. This young lady has a pretty countenance, and a good figure for the stage: her style of singing resembles that of her preceptress; and her voice, as far as we could judge from her want of confidence, and the necessary drawbacks of a début, appears to be of a very pleasing nature. She was kindly welcomed, and greatly encouraged. Mr. Sinclair played the *Schah of Persia*; but the part is an indifferent one for a singer. He was in good voice, and much applauded. Horn was the *Enchanter*, and exerted himself most strenuously: his voice improves in power, and he becomes occasionally, when the scene demands it, highly energetic. Harley, Bedford, and Browne, have characters assigned them, which are intended to be comical; but not having even the ghost of a joke amongst the three, they were unfortunately obliged to bear the brunt of the whole impatience and displeasure of the audience. The scenery by Stanfield, Marini, and Andrews, though not in all respects so good as usual, is, nevertheless, exceedingly showy and magnificent; but the machinery works badly, and the scene shifters, as is too often the case at this house, are very profuse of their mistakes. The authorship may be dismissed in a few words. The story is encumbered with characters, who have nothing to do but delay the progress and mar the interest of the tale. As a composition, it is long enough for two operas, and dull enough for twenty. This, however, we suppose the managers consider as of little moment. In their view of the subject, and in their estimation of the taste of the town,

"All that can now, or please, or fright the fair,
May be perform'd without a writer's care,
And is the skill of carpenter—not player."

There was much opposition during the progress of the piece; but at the conclusion the applause was most assuredly predominant.

Macready, though totally unsupported, is playing *Virginius* to overflowing houses.

COVENT GARDEN.

A NEW two-act farce, called *Three Deep*, or *all on the Wing*, was performed here for the first time on Tuesday. It is, as we announced last week, from the pen of Mr. Lunn; and, like most of his productions, appears to be of foreign extraction. It contains a great deal of bustle and noise, and ringing of bells, and running about of waiters, and locking into rooms and

letting out again, and other equally ingenious devices; but there is nothing humorous in the dialogue, and nothing new in the shape of either character or incident. The principal persons concerned in it are *Mr. Richard Hurry* and *Miss Frances Tucker*, a gentleman and lady who elope together, disguised in each other's clothes, and who, after amusing themselves in masquerade with some trifling vagaries, are restored to their own proper habiliments, and respectively married. There is also a *Mr. Tantalus Twist*, a man of voracious appetite, whose greatest anxiety is to be invited to a well-furnished table, and who, in the plenitude of his good fortune, receiving three invitations for the same day, wishes most devoutly "that he could separate himself into as many parts, and find a stomach for each." The way in which he gets out of this difficulty is, to propose breakfasting with one party, dining with another, and supping with the third. The farce upon the whole went off well, and will serve for a few nights to diversify the entertainments, till something better may turn up.

VARIETIES.

French Parties.—A treatise has been published at Paris, under the title of *Les Ministres Prévaricateurs, ou Etreennes aux Faveurs des Rois*, with this motto, "La roche Tarpeienne avoisine le Capitole." It affords a perfect sample of the violence of political parties in France, and presents a frightful necrology of about three hundred ministers of state who have been hung, beheaded, burnt, strangled, flayed alive, quartered, drowned, shot, stabbed, stoned, mutilated, tortured, flogged to death, &c. &c. By way, we suppose, of pointing the moral of the work, portraits of the present ministers of France are prefixed to it!

Russian Canals.—The Government of Russia has given orders for the immediate construction of canals, to unite the following rivers, viz. the Moskwa and the Volga; the Schekсна and the Northern Dwina, (which will make a direct communication between the ports of Archangel and St. Petersburg, and open a conveyance for indigenous productions towards the Baltic); and, lastly, the Niemen and the Weichsel, across the kingdom of Poland.

Ancient Greek Inscription.—In the neighbourhood of Rome an ancient tomb has recently been discovered, with a Greek inscription in such tolerable preservation as to allow of the following fragments of translation:—"My country is the immortal Rome; my father is its emperor and king."—"My name is Allicilla, the beloved name of my mother."—"Destined for my husband from infancy, I leave him, in dying, four sons approaching to manhood."—"It is by their pious hands that I have been placed, still young, in this tomb."

Copenhagen.—Several successful experiments have been made to macadamise the roads in the neighbourhood of Copenhagen, especially that which leads to the citadel. Several of the Danish journals speak of this process with great praise. The editor of the Zealand Gazette goes so far as to rank it with the invention of steamboats. Professor Breddorf, however, has, on the contrary, read, in the Agricultural Society of Copenhagen, a dissertation, in which he compares the new roads and the old, and gives a decided preference to the latter.

Norberg.—This celebrated oriental scholar died recently at Upsal, aged 79.

Cabinet of M. Denon.—Among the historical relics of M. Denon's cabinet, are a great many of the implements which belonged to the

Inquisition at Valladolid; the ring of Jean-sans-Peur, Duke of Burgundy, who was assassinated on the bridge of Montreuil; plaster-casts of the faces of Cromwell and Charles 12th; fragments of the bones of the Cid, found in his burying-place at Burgos; fragments of the bones of Abelard and Heloise, taken out of their tomb at Paraclete; the hair of Agnès Sorel, who was buried at Loches, and of Inès de Castro, who was buried at Alcaboça; part of the mustachio of Henry 4th, King of France, found entire, on the exhumation of the bodies of the kings of France, at St. Denis, in 1793; a fragment of Turenne's shroud; some of Molière's and La Fontaine's bones; one of Voltaire's teeth; an autograph signature of Napoleon; with a bloody piece of the shirt that he wore at the time of his death, a lock of his hair, and a leaf of the willow under which he lies at St. Helena!!!

Translators.—A Welch curate having preached several sermons which were considered superior to his own powers of composition, was asked by a friend how he managed? He replied, "Do you see I have got a volume of sermons by one Archbishop Tillotson, and a very good book it is; so I translate one of the sermons into Welch, and then back again into English; after which, the devil himself would not know it again." The French translators very much resemble the Welch curate. The English in Paris were in considerable apprehension from reading in a French paper, that the Theatre Royal of London was burnt down, but it did not state which of them. The English papers being consulted, it was discovered that the Frenchman had translated the Royalty Theatre, Le Théâtre Royale de Londres! An Englishman, resolved to match him, states, in Galignani's London and Paris Observer, that all the new buildings in the quarter of the Chaussée d'Antin belong to the bank, confounding *la banque* (the dealing in bills of exchange and securities) with the bank of France. Another translated *Damas* (a Damascus sword-blade), a damask table-cloth.—[This blunder, be it confessed, was perpetrated by a correspondent in our own Gazette, and passed unnoticed.]

The French Opera.—The French opera was established in Paris in 1645, by Cardinal Mazarin. In order to render this new kind of entertainment successful, his excellency at the commencement employed Italian performers. The *Andromède* of Pierre Corneille was the first French work which was represented in Paris, in 1650 or 1652. The machinery, of which the French had not at that time any idea, was the production of the Sieur Torelli; and its magnificence was such that it eclipsed that of the Venetian opera, celebrated for the expense bestowed upon it. In the following years were represented *La Pastorale*, *Ariane*, *Ercole Amante*, *La Toison d'Or*, and *Pomone*. New machinery was invented for *La Toison d'Or*, by the Marquis de Sourdeac, Torelli's rival. This opera, which was originally represented in the Chateau de Neubourg, in Normandy, on the occasion of the marriage of Louis XIV. and the peace with Spain, was afterwards performed at Paris. From that epoch, Pierre Perrin, the manager of the opera, being unable alone to support the expense of such an establishment, entered into partnership with the Marquis de Sourdeac and Cambert, and a new theatre was built in the Tennis Court, in the Rue Mazarine. In 1672, Lulli having obtained permission to establish a royal academy of music, built a theatre in the Rue de Vaugirard, of which Lullini was the architect and the machinist. Lulli therefore was the first recognised manager of

the French opera. It is to him that France is indebted for that description of entertainment; and he imparted to it the magnificence which so advantageously distinguishes it from all other dramatic representations in France. The poet Quinault having united his talents to those of Lulli, from that association sprung the French opera, properly so called. Before their time it consisted merely of ballets, interspersed with recitative. They added songs, choruses, dances, gave it a plot, and, in fact, converted it into a lyric drama. At no period, however, has the French opera been able to maintain itself without the aid of government.

Epigrams from the French.

Friends of the present day are just like melons,
Not one in fifty's good—the rest are felons.
All, all is mine, says Gold, for I can buy it—
Not so, says Steel, 'tis mine, or we will try it.
Wouldst thou be happy?—seek not fame,
Which ne'er could yet vile envy tame.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Rev. Fred. Nolan is printing at his private press *Harmonical Grammars of the Principal Ancient and Modern Languages*, viz. the Greek, Hebrew, Chaldean, Syriac, and Samaritan, the Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German, and Modern Greek. 8vo.

Occasional Tracts, in Vindication of the Truth, Integrity, and Higher Doctrines of the Sacred Writings, in Refutation of the Cavils of Infidels and Objectors. 8vo. Also, The Expectations formed by the Persians, that a Great Deliverer would appear about the Time of our Lord's Advent. Demonstrated.

The Expectations formed by the Romans, on the same Subject, will follow in continuation; and it is the Author's intention to extend his inquiry to the Greeks, Egyptians, and other great nations.

Mrs. Peck, Author of the "Bard of the West," has another novel in the press, under the title of *Napoleon; or, the Mysteries of the Hundred Days*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Steele's Shipmaster's Assistant, 8vo. 11s. 1s. 2s. 6d. bound.—Travers on Constitutional Irritation, 8vo. 14s. 6d.—Ranking's Historical Researches, 4to. 3s. 3d.—Porter's Tales round a Winter Hearth, 2 vols. 12mo. 16s. 6d.—Hemans' Forest Sanctuary, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Groves' Greek and English Lexicon, 8vo. 15s. 6d.—The Book of Common Prayer, with Explanations, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Arvendel; or Sketches in Italy and Switzerland, 8vo. 6s. 6d.—Izzam, and other Poems, 12mo. 6s. 6d.—Holland's Young Pilgrim, 12mo. 3s. 6d. half-bd.—Aperçu de la Situation Intérieure des Etats-Unis d'Amérique, par un Russe, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Scudamore on the Stethoscope, 8vo. 5s. 6d.—Thompson's Etymons of English Words, 4to. 18s. 6d.—Lion Hunting, 12mo. 6s. 6d.—Bosworth's Compendious Saxon Grammar, 8vo. 5s. 6d.—Quin's Principia Latina, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bound.—Airy's Mathematical Tracts, 8vo. 6s. 6d.—Hodgson on Augmentation of Small Irrigations, royal 8vo. 12s. 6d.—Mason's Fears of Dying Annihilated, 12mo. 5s. 6d.—Whittingham's French Classics, vols. 11 and 12 (Gil Blas), 13s. 6d.—Sketches of Portuguese Manners, &c. 8vo. 16s. 6d.—Lanza's Medical Logic, 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Humphreys on Real Property, 8vo. 15s. 6d.—Bishop's Christian Memorial, 12mo. 6s. 6d.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1826.

April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 27	From 37. to 45.	29.50 to 29.50
Friday .. 28	— 31. — 43.	29.80 to 29.80
Saturday .. 29	— 31. — 43.	29.50 to 30.00
Sunday .. 30	— 27. — 52.	30.08 to 30.12
May.		
Monday .. 1	— 32. — 48.	30.20 to 30.16
Tuesday .. 2	— 30. — 62.	30.10 to 30.04
Wednesday 3	— 31. — 50.	30.00 to 30.02

Prevailing winds, N.E. and N.W. Since the 27th ult. generally clear, till the 3d inst. when it became cloudy, with heavy rain throughout the morning.
Rain fallen, 15 of an inch.

Edimonton. Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have been obliged in this Number (for variety's sake) to shorten considerably our Review of Denham's Travels; postpone Irish Sketches, III.; and either abridge or delay the insertion of many other articles intended for publication.

R. J. reached us too late, but will tempt us to see the publication alluded to.

"Impartiality's" hint shall be taken into due consideration.

Many obliging Correspondents must pardon us for not inserting particular answers or notices respecting their communications.

A Subscriber is rather too "irregular."
We are sorry to say that "Squire" writes nowhere.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

INCORPORATED LITERARY FUND SOCIETY. under the immediate Patronage of His Majesty. The ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL of this Institution will be celebrated in Freemasons' Hall, on Wednesday, the 10th of May, when his Grace the DUKE of SOMERSET, the President of the Institution, will take the Chair.

The Nobility, and Friends of Literature in general, are earnestly and respectfully invited to concur in the objects of a Society, the particular object of which is to relieve the distress of Learning, and Genius in Distress, who have benefited the Public by their Writings.

Stewards.
The Right Hon. Lord Glenor: Thomas Hallifax, Esq.
The Hon. Henry Eden: J. G. Lockhart, Esq.
Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B.: Mr. Marshall, Esq.
Right Hon. the Lord Mayor: The Rev. Dr. Morris
The Rev. H. B. Baber: The Rev. Dr. Richards
John Capel, Esq.: The Rev. Dr. Russell
Dr. Copland: Geo. Fred. Stratton, Esq.
L. de la Chauxette, Esq.: Thomas Wilson, Esq. M.P.

Tickets, 20s. each, to be had of the Stewards; also at the Chambers of the Society, 4, Lincoln's Inn Fields; and at the Bar of the Freemasons' Tavern.

British Institution, Pall Mall.

THE GALLERY for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS, including the celebrated Picture of "Christ Crowned with Thorns," by WILLIAM HILTON, R.A., purchased by the Directors, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning, until Five in the Evening.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

THE Twenty-Second EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS is NOW OPEN, at the Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.

COPELEY FIELDING, Secretary.

This day, 8vo. 4s.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW. No. LXVI. Contents:—I. Memoirs of Samuel Pepys.—II. Wanderings in South America. By Charles Waterton.—III. Les Comptes de Démotocène; 54. Comedies of Aristophanes, by Mitchell.—IV. The Birds of Aristophanes, by Gary.—V. Vie et Révélation de la Seur Nativité, Religieuse Converse au Couvent des Ursulines de Fougères, écrits sous sa Dictée: suivies de sa Vie intérieure, écrite aussi d'après elle-même, par le Rédacteur de ses Révélation, et pour y servir de suite.—VI. Ist. The Value of the British West Indian Colonies, and of the British North American Provinces; 54. Importance of North American Colonies to Great Britain.—VII. Report of Committee on the Wages of Labour.—VIII. Ist. Evidence before Committee of the House of Lords on the State of Ireland, 1825. 3d. Evidence before the House of Commons on the State of Ireland, 1825.—IX. Ist. Tremaine; 54. Matilda; 3d. Granby.—X. Ist. Six Months in the West Indies; 3d. The West India Question practically considered.—XI. Recent Discoveries in Africa, made in the Years 1823 and 1824, by Major Denham, Captain Clapperton, R.N., and the late Dr. Oudney.—XII. Letter to Sir Henry Hallifax, Bart. on a Method of inoculating the Small-Pox, which deprives it of all its danger, but preserve all its power of preventing a second Attack. By R. Ferguson, M.D.—XIII. Memoirs of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan. By John Watkins, LL.D., and Thomas Moore. Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

The Right Honourable Lady Tullamore.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE for May will, in continuation of its Plan of forming a Picture Gallery of the Portraits of the British Female Nobility, present a beautifully engraved Portrait of the Right Hon. A. V. L. M. M. D. R. S. engraved by Cochran, from a Miniature by Wilkin. Also, Two full-length Female Figures, in the most fashionable Costume, appropriately coloured, and 48 pages of royal 8vo. letter-press, price 5s.

The No. for April contained a Portrait of the Most Noble Amelia Anne, Marchioness of Londonderry, from a Drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

The March No., the Portrait of the Right Honourable the Countess of Jersey, from a Miniature by G. Hayter, M.A.S.A.

Proof Impressions of the Portraits to be had of Mr. Colnaghi, 29, Cockspur Street.

Published by G. B. Whittaker, Ave Maria Lane; and Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh.

On Saturday, 19th instant, will be published, price 2s. 6d.

PANORAMIC MISCELLANY; or, MONTHLY MAGAZINE and REVIEW of Literature, Science, and Arts, Inventions, and Occurrences, containing, besides a great Number of smaller Articles, miscellaneous and unaltered.—Influential Architectural Specimens and Fine Arts on Society.—Italian Literature.—Gravina and Guidi.—Last Days of Tasso.—Critical Remarks on Hume (continued).—Egyptian Zodiac.—Lep.—Chain Belts.—Curious Bridge in South America.—Captivity of a Russian Officer among the Turks.—Astronomy of Uruk Nans.—Tour through North Wales (continued).—Endowed Schools, and Parliamentary Inquiry.—Algerine Fray and the Slave Trade.—A Nation of Traitors.—Prognostics and Omens.—Pricilla. Quaintprint.—London University.—Reminiscences of Dr. Pyle.—Original Communications from Learned Societies.—Astronomical Society.—Address of F. Hayley, Esq. on presenting the Gold Medal.—Pneumatological Society.—Original Poetry, and Translations from the Italian, &c.—Review of Literature.—Bosworth's Saxon Grammar, W. de Poems, Carrington's Dartmoor, Denham's Africa, Kike's Sandwich Islands, Last of the Mohicans, Sandova, Italian Literature, French, German, &c.—Spirit of Philosophical Discovery.—Proceedings of Learned Societies.—Patents, &c.—Meteorological, Medical, Agricultural, Commercial, and Parliamentary Reports.—Obituary.—Political, Academic, &c.—Metropolitan, and Provincial Occurrences, &c.

Published by E. Bingham Wilson, Royal Exchange; to whom, or to J. Thewlis, Esq., No. 10, Dorset Place, Pall Mall East, communications should be addressed.

LONDON MAGAZINE for May. Contents:—I. Diary from Month of April.—Mathews and the John Bull.—Lord Byron and M. Coulman.—Rev. G. W. Phillips's affecting Anecdote of Negroes.—Mr. Daniel Wilson's Address to the Faculty of Divinity.—The Chancellor's Masters in Chancery.—The Sergeant-at-Arms.—The Position of the Waterman.—Blunder of the Newspapers respecting Mathews.—Sheridan and the Quarterly Review.—Doctor Granville's Mummy.—The Quarterly Review and the British Flag.—Mr. Alderman Wood and the Sultan of Bornou.—The Showman of Westminster Abbey.—The Westminster Dairy Company.—Newspaper Versions.—Webster and his Der Freischütz.—Chambers' Editors.—Lambton's III Health.—New Courts.—Law and Architecture.—Members of Parliament.—On the Lord Chancellor.—John Bull and Lord Melville.—Mathews's Puffs in the John Bull.—Mr. Mathews and his Son.—Mr. Soane.—Newspaper Announcements.—Mad. Grolla and the End of the World.—Her Sentimental Flights.—Her Adventurous Nun.—Mr. Horace Twiss's Reported Speeches, &c. &c.—2. Coleridge's Six Months in the West Indies.—3. The Last of the Mohicans.—4. Puffs of the Month; or, Colmaniana.—5. Journal of a Traveller on the Continent, No. 2.—6. Two Songs: the Music by Mr. J. Barnett, the Nonsense by Mr. T. Campbell.—7. The Collegians.—8. Ancient Encaustic Painting of Cleopatra, with a Plate, engraved from the lately-discovered Antique Encaustic.—9. Yankee Notions, No. 3.—The Yankee's Diary of his Voyage to England.—10. The Three Magazines.—11. Execution of Mr. Berney, at Norwich, in 1824, from an old MS.—12. Sheridaniana.—13. The History of a Portrait.—14. The Diary of Luc Antonio Viterbi, who saved himself from the Perils of Corsica.—15. The Quarterly Review under its New Editor.—16. A great variety of Table Talk—original, and from Denham's African Discoveries, Coleridge's West Indies, &c. &c.; together with the usual Miscellaneous Matter.

Published by Hunt and Clarke, Tavistock Street.

The Fifth Number, published May 1, price Half-a-Crown, of

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE (New Series), consists of the following Papers:—Chancery Report—Familiarities, No. 2. Quotations.—Nimman's Anne Boleyn—On the Publication of Police Reports.—Cyclopaedic Reflections.—Time, by a Retail Poet.—Letters from the United States of America, No. 3.—Remarks on Friendly Societies.—Lines to Georgiana, by a Franciscan.—Philosophical Speculations.—A Paper read at the Royal Society, by C. Babbage, Esq. F.R.S.—Scientific, Chemical, and Philosophical Miscellanies.—Monthly Review of Literature, Domestic and Foreign.—Proceedings of Learned Societies, at Home and Abroad.—New Music.—Agriculture, and Meteorological Reports.—Biographical Notices of Distinguished Characters.—Army Promotions and Gazette Appointments.—Marriages, Deaths, and principal Events in London and the Provinces.—Bankruptcies.—Dividends, Prices of Stocks, Shares, Course of Exchange, &c. &c.

Published by G. B. Whittaker, 15, Ave Maria Lane; and to be had of all Booksellers in the Kingdom.

This day, in folio, No. 1, price 15s.

VIEWS in RUSSIA, POLAND, GERMANY, SWEDEN, prepared in Colours, from Drawings made in 1813-14.

By the Rev. T. T. JAMES.
No. I. contains—Field of Borodino in Berlin, Moscow; Kitagorod, Novosibirsk, and Shamora from Mine.
Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.
No. II. will be published on the 1st of May.

Printer, Editor, and Proprietor of a Newspaper.

A YOUTH, in the course of a Seven Years'

Apprenticeship in the Country, may become a Proficient in the above Profession, as well as an expert Reporter of Parliamentary Debates, Law Proceedings, &c.
Terms 50s. half to be paid at the commencement of the Term. Address to D. B. Whittaker, Country Newspaper and General Advertising Office, 35, Fleet Street.

Literary Magnet for May.—This day is published, price 1s.

THE LITERARY MAGNET for May. Contents:—1. Some Passages on the Writings of the Author of "Gilbert Rialto."—2. The Diary of a Bagman.—3. Derwentwater.—4. Carrington's Dartmoor.—5. Foscari; a Venetian Story.—6. The Nun.—7. Stanzas.—8. The Vale of Nene. By Mrs. H. Bells.—9. Important Events in the Life of a Young Lady.—10. Lelia; from the Moresca.—11. The Wild Navigator.—12. The Journal of a Wanderer Enthusiast; from the German of Hoffmann.—13. Death and the Drunkards.—14. The Aspen Tree.—15. Stanzas.—16. A Young Author's Defence of Theft.—17. Epigram. By the Rev. W. Little Bowles.—18. The Modern Poets of Germany.—19. Poetry, from Woodstock.—20. Ode to the Memory of a Young Lady.—21. The Lover's Reverie in a Ball Room.—22. Epigram.—23. Chit Chat, Literary and Miscellaneous.

Published by Hunt, Robinson, and Co., 5, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall.

Of whom may be had,

The Literary Magnet for April. Contents:—1. To William Wordsworth, Esq. By Mrs. Hemans.—2. The Autobiography of a Spotted Child. By M. J. J.—3. An Oxford Freshman's Fancies.—4. The March of Mind. By Miss Mitford.—5. An approved Mode of making a Novel.—6. The Friendly Bore.—7. The Dead Infant. By Mrs. C. B. Wilson.—8. The Placard.—9. The Infant and Watch. By Alaric Watts.—10. The Placard.—11. Original Letters of Dr. Parr, on the Identity of Junius.—12. Inscription. By the Rev. W. L. Bowles.—13. Would I had writ, a letter to—14. Howitt.—15. A Tale of Real Life.—16. Farewell to Summer.—17. The Avenger; from the Spanish.—18. Stanzas.—19. Foscari; a Venetian Story.—19. Charles. By Professor Fawcett.—20. Stanzas from the Icelandic.—21. J. H. Wiffen, Esq.—21. Provincial Poets, No. 1.—22. The Omen.—23. The Hour of Parting. By the late Ismael Fitzadam.—24. The Wrecker; a Cornish Legend.—25. A Farewell.—26. The Dutch Post Boy. For the Fortunate Sonnet. By Fitzadam.—27. Jehovah Shammah. By W. Diamond.—30. Mirth and Melancholy.—31. The Lady's Album.—22. Stanzas for Music.—32. On the Death of a Friend. To a Lady Jealous.—33. Chit Chat, Literary and Miscellaneous.

The Literary Magnet for January, February, and March, price 1s.

Contents of No. 53, Vol. 8, of the

CATHOLIC MISCELLANY, and

Monthly Repository of Information, published the 1st of May:—Biography: Francis George Cornehan.—Letters from Bishop Gifford.—Declaration of Bishop Jewell.—Battle of Nevill's Cross.—Boanes's Exposition, &c.—Review of the "Poor Man's Preservative," &c.—Notice of a curious Sermon—Orthodoxy of the Spanish Nation—Civil and Religious Liberty—Upon Transubstantiation.—Mr. Stiel's Speech.—Vindictive Ecclesiastical.—Notices of New Publications.—Diary of an Emigrant.—Father Clement. By the Author of "Decision"—Article V. of the First Number of the Quarterly Review.—Moses—Defence of the Creed and Discipline of the Catholic Church, against the Rev. J. Blanco White's "Poor Man's Preservative against Popery"—Original Poetry: The Ruined Tower.—The Morning Star.—Lough Lene. Proceedings of Learned Societies.—Antiquities.—Fine Arts, &c.—Monthly Intelligence.—Obituary.

Published by Ambrose Cudron, No. 62, Paternoster Row.

The 5th Number of

THE STAR-CHAMBER (for Wednesday

next, the 10th instant, price 6d.) will contain "The Duncial Dialogue," a Satire in Verse, for which every living Author is requested to prepare himself.

The Fourth Number was published on Wednesday last; the preceding ones are nearly out of print, and cannot at present be reprinted.

"If published diverse times go into the Star-chamber, as cannon would serve: there he spared neither high nor low, but judged every estate according to his merits and deserts."—*Cavendish's Life of Wolsey.*

London: Published by W. Marsh, 145, Oxford Street, where Advertisements and Communications, addressed (free of postage) to the Editor, may be left. Sold also by Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers Court; Sherwood and Co., Paternoster Row; E. L. Ham Union, Royal Exchange; Relfe, Cornhill; Smith, 152, Strand; and Chappell, Pall Mall.

The Magazine of Ireland.

This day is published, in 8vo. price 2s. 6d.

BOLSTER'S QUARTERLY MAGAZINE. No. II. May 1826.

Contents:—The University of Dublin.—Endymion's Sleep.—Bagatelle.—Observations on Any Grey.—O'Donoghue's Banishment.—Remarks on Shakespeare.—Stanzas.—The Steam Boat, Canto 3.—Aristo and Scott.—Love and the Violet.—Madrigal.—Dramatic Sketches: The Town of Galway.—From the Italian.—Song.—An Oriental Vision.—Recollections of the Night.—Stanzas.—The Fortiori.—Phrenology.—Easter.—From the Italian.—A Wake in the Highlands.—Question and Answer.—The Dying Roar.—Corkage Scraps.

Printed for John Bolster, Cork; R. Milliken, Dublin; Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, London; and to be had of all Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

Greek and English Lexicon.—In large folio. 8vo. price 10s. 6d. boards.

SCHREVELIUS'S GREEK LEXICON.

Translated into English. With numerous Corrections, and with many new Words added. For the Use of Schools. The present edition of Schrevelius's Lexicon, which has for so long facilitated the labours and promoted the knowledge of Greek students, comes recommended to the notice of the juvenile reader by having the explanations in his own tongue. The plan of introducing into school-books plain English for hard Latin, in the interpretations of Greek words, has within these few years, been sanctioned by many most respectable teachers of youth; and we trust that a plan so founded in common sense, useful alike to the instructor and the pupil, will be universally adopted.

London: Printed by A. J. Valpy, for Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, Paternoster Row.

By whom also are published,

1. A Dictionary of Latin Phrases; comprehending a methodical Digest of the various Phrases from the best Authors, which have been collected in all phraseological works hitherto published, for the more speedy progress of students in Latin Composition. By W. Robertson, A.M. of Cambridge. A new Edition, with considerable Additions and Corrections. In a very thick volume, royal 12mo. 12s. 6d. boards.

2. Analecta Latina Majora; containing Selections from the best Latin Prose Authors, with English Notes, &c. exactly on the Plan of Dalzell's Analecta Græca. 8vo. price 10s. 6d. boards.

3. Cards of Euclid; containing the Enunciations and Figures belonging to the Propositions in the first six and Eleventh Books of Euclid's Elements, which are usually read in the Universities. Prepared for the use of Students in Geometry at the Universities and Schools. By the Rev. J. Brasse, late Fellow of Trin. Col. Camb. Price 4s. 6d. in a case.

4. The Same in a Book, for the Use of Tutors. Price 4s. 6d.

Printed in England, by J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R.A.

PORTS OF ENGLAND, from Drawings by

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. and engraved in highly-finished Mezzotint, by THOMAS LUFTON.

This work will comprise all the licensed and chartered Ports of England, the 1st Number of which is now published, and contains the Ports of Whitby and Scarborough. The work will be printed on small folio paper; price to subscribers, prints 8s. 6d. proofs 10s. 6d.; India paper, price 14s.

Subscribers' Names received by the Engraver, No. 7, Leigh Street, Burton Crescent.

Under the Patronage of the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells.

THE HISTORY of the ABBEY of GLASTON.

By the Rev. RICHARD WARNER, Rector of Great St. Andrew, Bath, and of Crosscombe, Somerset; F.R.S. and of the Imp. Ges. Soc. of Nat. Hist. Moscow; and of the Dutch Soc. of Sciences, Harlem.

A few Copies of this costly Volume have been unspoken, and may be had at 2s. 6d. each, by an application and remittance to Mr. Crutwell, Printer, Bath. Also, Seven Copies of the same Work, with a double Set of Plates; one bound with the volume, and the other of Proofs, on India paper, in extra ornamented boards, at 12s. 12s. 6d. each.

Quotations and Maxims.
This day is published, in 12mo. price 7s. 6d. in boards, the 8th Edition, improved, of
A DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS, in most frequent use, taken chiefly from the Latin and French, but comprising many from the Greek, Italian, and Spanish Languages, translated into English; with Illustrations, Historical and Idiomatically.
By D. E. MACDONNELL, of the Middle Temple.
Printed for George B. Whittaker, Ave Maria Lane.
Of whom may be had,

A Dictionary of Quotations from the British Poets, in 3 Parts.
Part 1, Containing Quotations from Shakespeare, price 6s. 6d.
2, ——— in Blank Verse, price 7s.
3, ——— in Rhyme, price 7s. 6d.
These volumes are what they profess to be, and are honestly and tastefully executed. We have in them the essence of Shakespeare's Poetry. —Critical Gazette.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

This day is published, in 8vo. price 7s.
AMERICA. Aperçu de la Situation Intérieure des États-Unis d'Amérique, et de leurs Rapports Politiques avec l'Europe. Par UN RUSSE.
Cher J. Booth, Duke Street, Portland Place.

In 3 vols. 12mo. 21s. boards.
THE MAGIC RING; or, a Romance, from the German of FREDERICK, BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.
"We have frequently borne testimony to the wild genius and fanciful imagination of the Baron de la Motte Fouqué; but of all his works that have yet come before the English public, this appears to us the most interesting and the best." —New Monthly Magazine.

"The diction is not merely that chosen and polished vehicle which a brilliant fancy would form for itself, but the stories supplied by various learning; it glows with the flame of poetry, and yet never swells into exaggeration. Without the formality, it possesses very much of the dignity of the epic measure." —Monthly Review.
"We should exceedingly doubt the imaginative faculty of any one who did not pronounce it to be the fruit of a highly creative power, elegantly but peculiarly directed." —Examiner.
Printed for Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and sold by Geo. B. Whittaker, London.

In 1 thick vol. post 8vo. 12s. boards.
JANUS; or, the EDINBURGH LITERARY ALMANACK.

"It is full of good things, many of which, did our room permit, we should be eager to quote in our pages. Our voice is, however, gladly added to the number of those which have already proclaimed the sterling merit of this new annual." —New Monthly Magazine.
"The whole melange is extremely agreeable, and the marks of high talent are everywhere prominent." —Literary Gazette.
"This volume may justly be characterised as a literary miscellany of a superior description, in which essays on subjects of information and instruction are pleasantly intermixed with others of a more amusing cast." —Literary Chronicle.
"It is not possible for us too warmly to recommend it to the general reader." —News of Literature and Fashion.
Printed for Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and John Murray, Albemarle Street, London.

This day, 8vo. 8s. 6d.
ANNE BOLEYN; a Dramatic Poem.
By the Rev. H. H. MILMAN,
Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford.
Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Just published, in one thick vol. 8vo. 18s. boards.
THE CONTEST OF THE TWELVE NATIONS; or, a View of the Different Bases of Human Character and Talent.
"A work consists of twelve chapters; in each of which a different kind of genius, or turn of mind, is brought into view, described, and copiously illustrated by an enumeration of its distinctive qualities, and their modifications, which are rendered obvious to the reader by the frequent citation of examples found in history, and in the lives and works of celebrated public characters, men of science, poets, artists, eccentric persons, criminals, &c."
Printed for Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, London.

This day, 8vo. price 7s. 6d.
THE FOREST SANCTUARY, with Lays of Many Lands.
By Mrs. HEMANS.
Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

This day is published, the 3d Edition, in 3 vols. price 21s.
THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY. By the celebrated Author of "The Hermit in London," and "Hermit Abroad."

"Quite weary grown Of all the follies of the town, And seeing in all public places The same vain fops, and painted faces."
Printed for Henry Colburn, 8, New Burlington Street.

Just published, in 4to. 18s. boards, uniformly printed with Dr. Todd's Edition of Johnson's Dictionary,
ETYMOLOGICAL ENGLISH WORDS.
By the late JOHN THOMPSON, M.R.I. and A.S. Private Secretary to the Marquis of Hastings, in India.
"The object of this work is to trace the descent of English words; their affinity with the different dialects of Gothic spoken in Europe; and the connexion between our own and some other tongues both of Europe and Asia, — without introducing any remarks where the general meaning is obvious."
Printed for Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, London.

New and interesting French Works, just imported, by Treuttel, Warte, and Co. Soho Square.
1. **SEGUR, le COMTE de Mémoires; ou, Souvenirs et Anecdotes.** Tome 3, 8vo. 10s. 6d.
2. **Le Prince de Montbarrey, Mémoires.** Tomes 1 et 2, 8vo. 11. 1s.
Two more volumes will be published in a few days. The distinguished author was minister at war under Louis XVI. and was succeeded in that department in 1790, by Count Segur.
3. **Franceschetti, Mémoires sur les Evénemens qui ont précédé la Mort de Joachim I. Roi des Deux-Siciles; suivi de la Correspondance privée de ce Général avec la Reine, Comtesse de Lipone.** 8vo. 6s.
4. **Lacépède, le Comte, Histoire Générale, Physique et Civile, de l'Europe.** Tomes 1 à 4, 8vo. 21. 2s.
To be completed in 10 volumes.

MEMOIRS OF PAINTING, with a Chronological History of the Importation of Pictures by the great Masters into England since the French Revolution.
By WILLIAM BUCHANAN, Esq.
In 2 vols. 8vo. price 20s.
Published by R. Ackermann, and to be had of all the Booksellers in Town and Country.

This day, 8vo. 10s. 6d.
THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE STATE PRISONER, commonly called "The Iron Mask," extracted from Documents in the French Archives.
By the Hon. GEORGE AGAR ELLIS.
Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

History of Wines.
This day is published, elegantly printed in 4to. with Embellishments, price 11s. in boards.
A HISTORY OF ANCIENT AND MODERN WINES.
By ALEXANDER HENDERSON, M.D. &c.
A few copies are printed with the vignettes on India paper, price 21s.
London: Printed for Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy.
"Cet ouvrage a obtenu beaucoup de succès, et il le méritait." —Revue Encyclopédique. Nov. 1824.

Diseases of India. — This day is published, in 8vo. with coloured Plates, price 11s. in boards.
SKETCHES OF THE MOST PREVALENT DISEASES OF INDIA, comprising a Treatise on the Epidemic Cholera of the East, Statistical and Topographical Reports of the Diseases in the different Divisions of the Army under the Madras Presidency; embracing also, the Annual Rate of Mortality, &c. of European Troops, and Practical Observations on the Effects of Calomel on the Alimentary Canal, and on the Diseases most prevalent in India.
By JAMES ANNESLEY, Esq.
Madras Medical Establishment. Lately in charge of the General Hospital, Madras, and Garrison Surgeon of Fort St. George.
Printed for Thomas and George Underwood, 33, Fleet Street.

This day, 8vo. 15s.
OBSERVATIONS ON THE ACTUAL STATE OF THE ENGLISH LAWS OF REAL PROPERTY, with the Outlines of a Code.
By JAMES HUMPHREYS, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister.
Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

House of Hanover.
This day, dedicated by permission to his Majesty, will be published, in 3 vols. royal 8vo. price 31. 2s.
THE ANNALS OF THE HOUSE OF HANOVER.
By SIR ANDREW HALLIDAY, M.D. F.R.S.E. &c. &c.
Illustrated by beautifully engraved Portraits of the King, the Duke of Brunswick, and the most illustrious of their Ancestors.
Printed for W. Sans, Book and Printseller to the Royal Family, 1, St. James's Street.

New Novels.
WOODSTOCK; or, the Cavalier. A Tale of Sixteen Hundred and Fifty-One. By the Author of "Waverley." In 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 6d. boards.
Tales round a Winter Hearth. By Jane and Anna Maria Porter. In 3 vols. 12mo. price 16s. boards.
De Foix; or, Sketches of the Manners and Customs of the Fourteenth Century. An Historical Romance. By Anna Eliza Bray, late Mrs. C. Stothard, Author of "Letters written during a Tour through Normandy," &c. &c. In 3 vols. post 8vo. price 11. 7s. boards.
The Rebel; a Tale. In 2 vols. 12mo. price 14s. boards.
The Sisters of Nansfield; a Tale for Young Women. By the Author of the "Stories of Old Daniel," &c. In 2 vols. 12mo. price 11s. 6d. boards.
The Story of Isabel. By the Author of the "Favourite of Nature," &c. &c. In 3 vols. 12mo. price 24s. boards.
Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.

This day, small 8vo. 10s. 6d. with Etchings and Woodcuts, a 2d Edition of
FAIRY LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS OF THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.
Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

This day is published, in 8vo. price 10s. 6d. addressed to the Scientific Public, the 3d Edition of
AN EXPERIMENTAL INQUIRY INTO THE LAWS OF THE VITAL FUNCTIONS.
By A. P. W. PHILIP, M.D. F.R.S.E.
The present edition presents a popular view of the functions of animal life, a subject hitherto confined to the members of the medical profession.
Printed for Thomas and George Underwood, 33, Fleet Street.

This day is published, in 1 vol. 12mo. price 6s. in boards, with a Memoir of the Author, and a Portrait, engraved by Scriven, the 10th Edition of
FEMALE SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS; exemplifying Female Virtues. By Mrs. KING.
Printed for C. and J. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo Place, Pall Mall; and sold by Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly.

Of whom may be had, by the same Author,
1. **The Rector's Memorandum-Book; being the Memoirs of a Family in the North.** 12mo. 7s.
2. **The Beneficial Effects of the Christian Temper on Domestic Happiness.** 12mo. 3s. 6d.
3. **A Tour in France in 1802.** 12mo. 3s. 6d.

This day is published, handsomely printed in 3 vols. 8vo. price 11. 7s. boards, the 5th Edition of
SERMONS for Parochial and Domestic Use; designed to illustrate and enforce, in a connected View, the most important Articles of Christian Faith and Practice.
By the Right Rev. RICHARD MANT, D.D. Lord Bishop of Down and Connor.
Oxford: Printed for J. Parker; and for C. and J. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, and 1st Strand.

Of whom may be had, by the same Author,
The 6th Edition of An Appeal to the Gospel, in Eight Sermons, at the Bampton Lecture, in 1812; 8vo. price 12s. 6d. Also,
Academical Sermons on the Liturgy, &c. preached at Oxford, in 1814, 1815, and 1816. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Oliver Cromwell and his Times.
This day is published, the 3d Edition, with Portraits from Original Pictures, in 2 vols. 8vo. price 11. 10s. boards.
MEMOIRS OF THE PROTECTOR OLIVER CROMWELL, with Original Letters, and other Family Papers. By OLIVER CROMWELL, Esq. a Descendant of the Family.
Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.

Of whom may be had,
Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, Governor of Nottingham Castle and Town during the Civil Wars, and Representative of the County of Nottingham in the Long Parliament; with original Anecdotes of the most distinguished Characters of the Times, and a summary Review of Public Affairs, written by his Widow. In 2 vols. 8vo. price 11. 4s. boards.

Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting.
Now ready, volume the 2d, in 2 vols. 8vo. price 11. 10s. boards.
HORACE WALPOLE'S ANECDOTES OF PAINTING, ENGRAVING, ARCHITECTURE, &c. edited and greatly enlarged
By the Rev. J. DALLAWAY,
and highly embellished with Portraits, chiefly in the line manner, and comprising varied Specimens, by the first Artists of the day.
The future volumes, each containing at least fifteen copper-plates, will appear at intervals, until the work is completed (within two years), in five vols. royal 8vo. uniform with Mr. Park's edition of the "Royal and Noble Authors."
The price of each volume is 31. 3s. or with proof impressions of the plates, on India paper, 31. 5s.
It may be proper to observe, that while it is the publisher's aim to produce a work worthy the highest patronage, the mode of publication is such as to render it of easy acquisition to the young student and general lover of literature and the arts; yet the edition is exceedingly limited, and will not be obtainable in this early state of the plates, by those who neglect the opportunity of subscribing and receiving the volumes regularly as they appear.
Printed at the Shakespeare Press, for John Major, No. 50, Fleet Street, London.

IN THE PRESS.

On Monday, 3 volumes, post 8vo.
THE BOYNE WATER; a Tale. By the O'HARA FAMILY, Authors of Tales; comprising, "Cruelty of the Bill Hook," "The Fettes," and "John Doe." London: W. Simpkin and R. Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court.

A New Historical Novel. — Nearly ready, in 3 vols. 12mo. 21s. boards.
WILLIAM DOUGLAS; or, the Scottish Exiles.
Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, London; and Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh.

On the 10th instant will be published, by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, price 5s. in boards,
AN EXPOSITION OF THE STATE OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION IN THE BRITISH DOMINIONS, and of the injurious Effects of the Monopoly, by Usurpation, of the Royal College of Physicians in London.

On Tuesday next, in 3 vols. post 8vo. with Engravings, by George Cruikshank, price 24s. in boards,
SPECIMENS OF GERMAN ROMANCE. Selected and Translated from various Authors. In 8vo. with 20 coloured Illustrative Plates by the Authors, price 16s. boards.
Sketches of Portuguese Life, Manners, Costume, and Character. By A. P. D. G.
Printed for George B. Whittaker, Ave Maria Lane.

LONDON: Printed for the Proprietors, and Published every Saturday, by W. A. SCRIPPS, at the LITERARY GAZETTE OFFICE, 363, (Exeter Change) Strand; and 7, South Molton Street, Oxford Street; sold also by J. Chapman, 96, Royal Exchange; R. Marlborough, Ave Maria Lane, Leadenhall Hill; A. Black, Edinburgh; W. R. M'Phun, Glasgow; and J. Cumming, Dublin.

J. MOYES, Temple Printing Office, Bouvaine Street.